

# The GRAPHIC



Twenty-First Year---January 17, 1914

Los Angeles, California—Price Ten Cents

## WHITE ASHES

By DORA G. McCHESNEY

See, but the urn we hold,  
Time-worn and thin,  
Where there was life of old,  
Delicate sin,  
Glory and love grown cold,  
White ash within.

Here, in these ashes blent,  
Lovers and foes,  
Light joy and sorrow spent,  
Hushed to repose,  
Sleep among garlands rent—  
Laurel and rose.

Only the fragrance clings,  
The blossom flies—  
Echo of laughter rings  
Sobbing to sighs,  
The breath of dying things  
Here never dies.

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is in the shadow of West Adams Heights—just west of one of the choicest residence districts in the entire Southland—in an environment of \$50,000 homes—yet just outside the city limits and free from city taxes.

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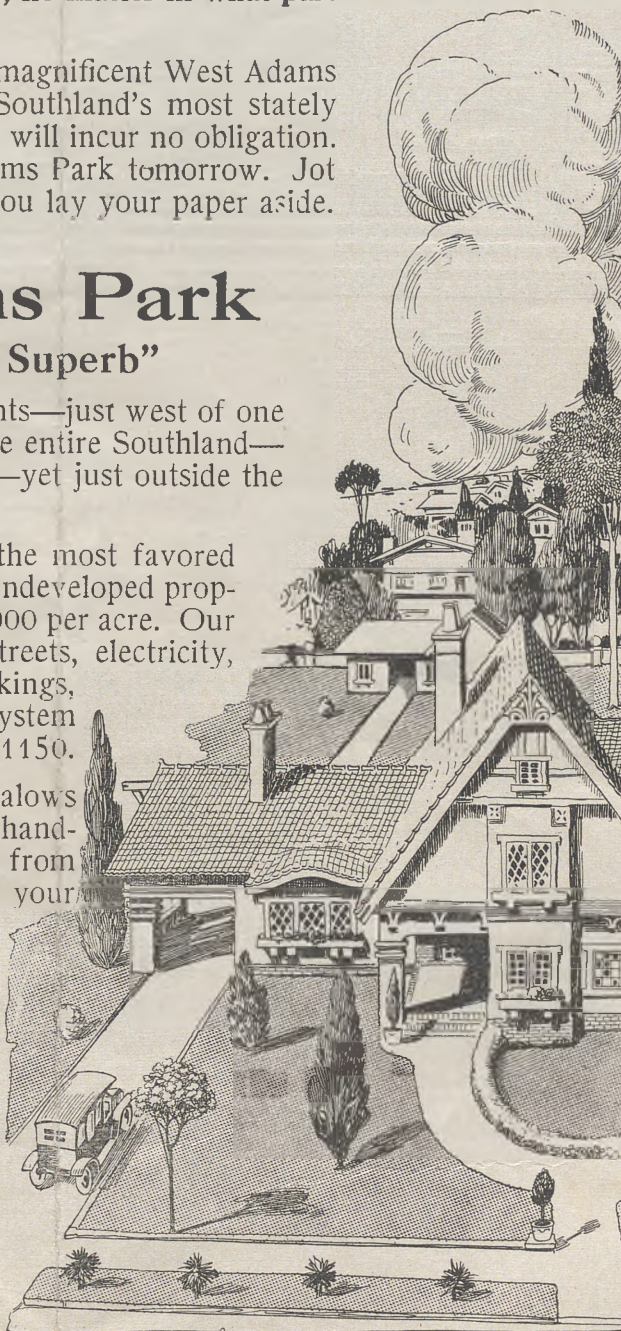
Already a number of beautiful bungalows have been built on the tract. These handsome, distinctive homes range in price from \$3450 to \$3850, and may be built to your order.

Practically three-fourths of the entire tract has been sold and several of the original purchasers are buying **More**.

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## ROBERT MARSH & CO.

200 Marsh-Strong Building  
Ninth, Spring and Main Streets  
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# THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XL--No. 8

LOS ANGELES, JANUARY 17, 1914

PRICE TEN CENTS

**PUBLISHER'S NOTICE**—The Graphic is published every Saturday at Los Angeles, Cal. The subscription price is \$2.50 a year; six months, \$1.40; three months, 75 cents, payable in advance; single copies, 10 cents. Sample copies free on application. News dealers and agents in the interior supplied direct from The Graphic office. Subscribers wishing their address changed should give their old as well as their new location. Checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., should be made payable to The Graphic. Address: Publication Office, 403-4 San Fernando Building. Telephone: Home A 4432. Entered at the Los Angeles postoffice as second-class matter.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



## SPRECKELS SPEAKS FOR THOUSANDS

**D**OUTBLESS, the attitude of Rudolph Spreckels toward the third party is reflected by many progressive Republicans in the state. In effect, he says he cannot see any justification for the establishment of the new party on the ground that it will help to promote progressive principles. If the Republican party will nominate a 'ruly progressive candidate for governor, Mr. Spreckels says he will support such an one against all comers, but he would unhesitatingly vote for Johnson at the general election if a reactionary candidate were named by the Republican party.

This view, we undertake to say, is held, mentally, by thousands of Republicans in the state, registered and unregistered. The vote at the primary will be no criterion for the general election. The progressive Republicans, like Rudolph Spreckels, are willing to support their party candidate if he emerges from the primary of genuine progressive material. The reactionary, to the contrary, who may chance to survive the primary, will be deserted by the progressive members, *en bloc*, for Johnson or, in case a fine type of Democrat is named, of Lane's caliber, many will prefer to give their support in his direction next November.

So let not our jubilant standpat contemporaries be too much elated by the registration which now shows a good lead for the Republicans. It does not follow that they are anti-Johnsonites by any means. Our disingenuous contemporary at San Diego, the Tribune, professes to find in our warning to the Democrats an inconsistency of argument. We have stated repeatedly that if the Democrats are wise and will concentrate on a candidate for governor of high standing and accomplishments, aided by the prestige of the Wilson administration, they stand an excellent chance of winning next fall; but the splendid work of Mr. Wilson will avail nothing if a candidate of mediocre ability is named. It is, of course, a woeful perversion of the facts for our San Diego contemporary to intimate that our view is that any yellow dog bearing a Democratic label can win in the state, owing to the Wilson record.

Despite all that the San Diego Tribune, the Union, the San Francisco and Los Angeles standpat Republican journals may say there is division in the Republican ranks and on precisely the lines laid down by Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. The Republicans may outregister the Progressives three to one and still the latter may land their ticket if a reactionary candidate remains the choice of the Republicans at the primary. Make no mistake, the registration does not indicate "a return to reason by thousands of Republicans who were temporarily lured from their legitimate allegiance by the call of false gods." The Dem-

ocrats have a "good fighting chance" if they observe sanity in their nomination; not otherwise. The Republicans have the same opportunity. As between poor material in either direction we shall vote for and support Hiram Johnson in spite of our dislike for many of his policies and shortcomings. We do not admire his personality, but even his too abundant self-esteem is preferable to the vaporings of vacuous mediocrity.

## REASSURING BIG BUSINESS

**A**DVANCE reports that the President's position toward Big Business is peaceable rather than hostile, in regard to anti-trust legislation, will be received with a sigh of relief. On their sins of the past, committed in the belief that their course was justifiable, a blanket of oblivion ought to be cast in all instances where a disposition to conform to the stipulations of the government is shown. Let bygones be bygones would be a good idea to spread abroad, always providing the corporations affected express a willingness to depart from the error of their ways and toe the mark set by the attorney general.

This, apparently, is the view taken by the President. It is to be friendly conciliation rather than hostile antagonism. In his forthcoming message, it is alleged, the executive will outline a constructive program that will eliminate any uncertainty about the law and tend to stimulate the growth of legitimate business. It is a reassurance to the business world that cannot fail to be productive of good results and aid in the restoration of the country to that era of prosperity to the masses which good crops, low tariffs and a flexible currency insure. So many conflicting rumors have been afloat concerning the prospective attitude of the President in regard to the trusts that the inspired announcement, following the cabinet meeting of Tuesday, lifts a nightmare off the breast of Big Business.

Strengthening of the Sherman anti-trust law by eliminating the debatable features experience has revealed is the part of wisdom. Inhibiting interlocking directorates is equally beneficial to the country and the significant action of the house of J. P. Morgan & Co. proves that it is a measure that will be promptly obeyed. The location of individual responsibility and the fixing of personal guilt for all violations will conduce to a much more wholesome respect for the law in the future. The need for the creation of an interstate trade commission has long been apparent; by it and through it the decrees or mandates of the courts may be followed to their logical conclusion. Dissolution by friendly understanding of the telephone and telegraph combination indicated to the initiated the desire of the administration for peaceable adjustment of differences in regard to trust practices. With the enforcement of the personal guilt provision, in all future evasions of the law, that a notable reform will set in can hardly be questioned.

## ESHLEMAN OFFERED A QUASSIA CUP

**N**OT to honor John M. Eshleman, particularly, but to strengthen the Progressive position, with Johnson in the van, before the people, the chairman of the state railroad commission is to be commandered into taking second place on the ticket, with the promise that he will then be in line for preferment when Johnson's second term shall have expired or the ambitious governor, nominated for the presidency, resigns to make a national campaign. With this lure held before him Eshleman is asked to relinquish his \$8000 a year office and accept the prospective lieutenant governorship at half the salary. Perhaps, he will be allowed to remain as head of the

commission until the election is decided although we should question the propriety of such a course in view of the nature of his duties.

Possibly, because Our Hiram is making a "sacrifice" to run for governor—he prefers to go to the United States senate—he thinks it only fair that others in his political entourage should give evidence of similar self-abnegation. In this instance, however, the sacrifice would be to the detriment of the commonwealth. The office of lieutenant-governor is largely ornamental and superfluous; that of chairman of the state railroad commission anything but decorative. Eshleman has demonstrated his ability to serve the people intelligently and impartially on the railroad board, his just rulings and wise decisions commending him to corporation and consumer alike. No doubt, another man can be found of equally broad views to replace him, but why take chances? It looks as if he were to be used like any other pawn to further the governor's overwhelming ambition. Were Johnson to be defeated in his candidacy for a second term, farewell to his hopes of selection by the national convention to head the Progressive party ticket.

Unquestionably, the acceptance of Eshleman of the quassia cup now held out to him, will strengthen the Johnson ticket materially. No doubt, it is the Johnson ultimatum. The governor dominates his party with czar-like asperity and will not brook opposition. Example of this is seen in Heney's case. The former prosecuting attorney dared to shy his castor into the senatorial ring without first gaining the political o. k. of the poohbah of the party and, lo! he is persona non grata with the dictatorial Hiram. If the lesser lights in his constellation are inclined to chafe at Johnson's domineering ways they must remember they are solely to blame. The adulations poured in on him have had their effect; the former criminal lawyer is now of Jovian proportions, viewed from within. He is the Man Who Must Be Obeyed; hence Eshleman's sacrifice to feed fat his ambition.

## WORSHIPPING IN THE SILENCES

**N**OT that it was of extraordinary occurrence, but because of its perfection of beauty we refer to the glory of the Sabbath as experienced in Southern California last Sunday. The air was as balmy as a day in June, the sky a cerulean blue, flecked lightly with fleecy clouds by way of variety. But, unlike June, there was a tonic abroad that one drank in with every breath. It filled the lungs, it mounted to the brain, it permeated the senses. It was Nature's champagne at its best, all the better for bearing the "Made in California" label.

What wonder, then, that the blood went coursing, and the impulses were moved to revel in the atmospheric joys offered. Whether it was the worship of the Giver of All Good on the mountain heights or obeisance made to His beneficences at the seashore the soul was stirred to an exultant degree and in lonely places cried aloud in its ecstasy. For our part this communion was sought in the long stretch of picturesque shore line that runs south from Redondo in a perfect curve, along the sheer cliffs guarding Fisherman's Cove to the promontory, beyond which lies the way to Point Fermin. Saucy seagulls disputed our invasion of the silences and an occasional ground squirrel peered questioningly at the intruder from the upper shale of the high banks. The lap-lap of the waves on the rocks, when the sounding surf on the sands was a memory, kept time to our steps on the huge boulders over which the receding tide left glistening surfaces.

Far out at sea the curling smoke from a giant freighter uprose like devotional incense, fit accom-



paniment to the pantheistic environment. In the middle distance a heavily-laden lumber schooner, with white hull breasting the ocean like a mighty gull, steamed laboriously toward the port. Nearer shore a fisherman's trawl lay inert on the placid bosom of the Pacific, its sole occupant relaxed in sleep across the tiller. It was peace, ineffable peace that was reflected, with no sounds from the busy marts to jar the serenities, no disturbing thoughts of sins of omission or commission, for the nonce, to mar the picture. The soul was in its uplift, the grosser cares had taken flight and only the beatitudes remained.

Climbing across a vertical wall of glistening granite, on which the recent high tide had strewn fantastic figures of soft-brown kelp, the narrowed beach lay clogged with massive boulders and the cliffs rose sheer and jagged, imprisoning the world. Then the sun, now high in the heavens, admonished the lone worshipper of a waiting midday meal and, all reluctantly, passage to the heights above was sought. A cleft in the bluff twenty feet overhead suggested a possible outlet to the mesa and by exercise of springs and muscles foothold was gained in the almost perpendicular wall permitting access to the tiny ravine, which, sure enough, inclined gradually to the summit. On its brink, overlooking the unruffled ocean, full length on the dry shale halt was made for physical relaxation and from this eyrie was uncovered one of the most glorious pictures ever beheld.

As the lazy, incoming rollers broke upon the half-submerged rocks, a shower of spray danced upward and through the lacy filaments pierced the darting rays of the sun revealing a corona of primary colors that, superb in its simple beauty, was as a crown of glory to the living God. From the dark surface above the bed of kelp the ocean's bosom shimmered into a body of light green and on beyond, to the purple sea of Homer. A school of porpoises frolicked just beyond the outer edge of the kelp, their divings and splashings remindful of a band of children at play. Occasionally, a glistening brown back rose clear of the water and plunged ten feet ahead, the gambol imitated by half a dozen others in succession. It was a game of "follow my leader."

Clambering out of the ravine the lone watcher turned his back for a moment on the ocean and, lo! there, like a Whistler study, was the crystalline summit of Mount San Antonio, a vision of silver in a setting of dreamy peace. Far to the north ran the undulating coast line of the Sierra Madres terminating at Point Dume, a ghostly leviathan dipping its mane in the waters of the Pacific. Closer in the glorious greens and browns of the big mesa ranch rested lovingly on dilated pupils and the keen odor of freshly-turned earth came like a benison to the nostrils. With head erect, shoulders thrown back, and lungs well inflated the trail is breasted toward the settlement just beyond "Eventide," the Burdette outpost of civilization. Then to dinner, with a physical appetite and a spiritual grace worthy of one who has had communion with the gods.

#### MORGAN ETHICS AND THE LOST WILL

CAN the doctrine of "innocent purchaser" be applied in the case of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, in whose library, now the property of the son of his father, has been unearthed the long missing last will and testament of Martha Washington, wife of the first President of the United States? Stolen from the archives of Fairfax county, Virginia, in Civil War times, when the county seat and courthouse were shuttlecocks in the hands of the opposing armies, the search for the missing document has long progressed only to come to an end recently when the resting place of the precious paper was discovered.

Demand has been made on Mr. Morgan for the historical treasure, but its present owner is not inclined to part with his prize. He offers the applicants a photograph of the original, providing they will, in return, supply him with a facsimile of the will of George Washington, which is still in the county records. This offer, however, the people of Fairfax county have properly spurned. They argue that Mr. Morgan is in no position to make bargains since he

is in the attitude of a receiver of stolen goods, no matter how innocently he came by the acquisition. This week, with the meeting of the state legislature, the senator from Fairfax county purposes introducing a resolution authorizing the attorney general to take legal proceedings to recover the instrument.

It promises to be an interesting controversy. Of course, if it is shown that the document was taken by a northerner, when the state of Virginia was in revolt against the United States, it is none the less a theft. Certainly, the courts will not condone loot, which in this instance is what the ravaging of the records amounted to, since the purloined article had a market value, not for its intrinsic worth, but as an historical souvenir. If the elder Morgan had been alive when the claim was made the chances are that he would have returned the contraband of war to the women of Fairfax county with a graceful message, as, in fact, he had been known to do in previous cases, where he had inadvertently become the recipient of stolen articles having rare qualities. But the son appears to be not so constituted. He takes the ground that he is in no sense implicated in the transfer of ownership and has been legally adjudged heir to the property. His error is in missing the subtler point: Retention of the Martha Washington will is a cloud on his father's memory; by restoring the document instantaneously he removes all chances of gossips aspersing the elder Morgan's reputation.

#### RULE-OF-THE-PEOPLE DELUSION

"WHY," asked a cultivated and highly intelligent woman citizen, "must I declare in advance my party affiliation when I do not know who the candidates will be and may not want to vote for any of those that present themselves as representative of the organization at the primary election? I resent having to mortgage my vote in advance." But if this exasperated citizen would stop to think she would realize that the party line must be drawn to preclude the possibility of unscrupulous members of the opposition from foisting a weak candidate upon the other party. Moreover, if the conditions prove to be so dire as she fears she can refrain from voting at the primary election, reserving her independent vote for the finals.

By far the worst feature of the primary election is the expense attaching thereto, which makes the average candidate for office loath to declare himself. It acts as a deterrent to many excellent men of whose services the city or state is deprived because of the prohibitive cost of promoting their candidacies. When one considers that upward of \$2,000,000 was paid out by the friends of Taft and Roosevelt in Pennsylvania alone, in the 1912 primaries, the direct primary principle receives a severe jolt. It was estimated that Roosevelt's New York managers spent five dollars for every vote he received in the presidential primary election. "Bill" Flinn of profitable city contract memory admitted that the Pittsburg primaries that same year cost the Roosevelt faction close to \$100,000, of which the doughty William contributed nearly one-fourth the whole.

This vast expenditure in order that the people shall rule! And unless the candidate can afford to spend his money freely the people are in nowise interested in him because they do not know him. Just now, an estimable gentleman of San Francisco is gallivanting up and down the state assuring everybody he meets that he is to be the next governor of California. Of course, he will not be, but because he is financially able to journey from pillar to post, buttonholing those having influence in each community and meeting everybody likely to sway votes he might succeed where a poorer man, ten times better fitted to sit in the executive chair, would be hopelessly distanced in the primary election.

It is in contemplating such conditions that the party convention plan, with all its crudities and opportunities for bossism, presents redeeming features. The ticket named, in the main, is representative of the best material in the organization as, theoretically, at least, it must be pitted against the best the opposition can put forth. Moreover, the party is respon-

sible for the selections and is held accountable for any scalawags that may slip through. When the best men are sought it is an honor to be singled out by the convention for preferment. All this in the past. The cost assessed against each candidate was relatively small and in the campaign there was the advantage of party unity in presenting a ticket for endorsement.

By the rule-of-the-people plan the intelligent voter will scan a ballot appalling in its length. This year, from the governor down, through the judiciary, state offices, members of the assembly, the senate, congress, equalization board, and what not there will be candidates galore for each office of whose individual qualifications the people, as a whole, will be woefully ignorant. In addition, there are twenty-two constitutional amendments, initiative and referendum measures and several bond propositions to consider. While we hope for the best we are not over-sanguine of results. The best "mixers" and the ones with the longest purse have the inside position in the primary running. In view of what we have outlined the demand of Senator Cummins to have amendments to the Constitution authorized by the states without the initiative of congress does not offer strong appeal. Emotionalism in politics has gone far enough.

#### LET US LOOK TO OUR SONGS

INTERESTING things have been achieved by The Survey in sending out an appeal for "social hymns." The response was so generous that it was soon necessary to appoint a special hymn editor and a jury of twelve to sort and choose the best one hundred, as that was the limit set to the collection. "The antics of sociologists and professors, not to say of clergymen, when they break into poetry, are certainly amusing," remarked one of the jurors, and the editor decided that the by-product of every hymnal should be a joke book. But the final result is inspiring and encouraging to the music lover who cannot but wonder what has become of noble song when he listens to the banalities posing in the name of music.

Hymns asked for were not necessarily new ones, but any words that expressed brotherhood and social aspiration, without any hint of sectarianism or creed. The discerning will be gratified by a reading of the poems written for the new need, and also to find how many of our old and loved poets proved themselves prophets and seers, as true poets must be. In the songs of Aspiration and Faith, none is nobler than "The Spacious Firmament on High," written by Joseph Addison in 1712, and none more ardent than Richard Watson Gilder's "To Thee, Eternal Soul Be Praise." The new expressions in this group are "Splendor of the Thoughts of God," by W. Russell Bowie, 1913, "Thy Kingdom, Lord, We Long For," by Vida Scudder, 1913, "From Age to Age They Gather, All the Grave of Heart and Strong," by Frederick L. Hosmer, and "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life," by Frank Mason North, 1905. There are many of them but none better than the old ones. The second group comprises songs of "Liberty and Justice," and here again old songs ring out. James Russell Lowell's—

Men whose boast it is that ye  
Come of fathers brave and free

though written before the war might have meant the shirt waist makers' strike, it is so universal. There are hymns of Peace, of Labor and Conflict, of Brotherhood and Patriotism, all sounding a noble note.

Charles H. Farnsworth in an article entitled "Why We Don't Sing" says it is because we have not familiar songs and a common cause. Song has always been a moving force as strong as shot and shell in times of war; it has cheered the weary and uplifted the discouraged always, so it is fitting that in this new warfare against poverty and disease there should be songs to cheer on discouraged workers and unite in one great common emotion the army of mankind. There is much fugitive verse that is significant if not singable. This poem "To a Nine-Inch Gun" was sent to the New York Herald on a crumpled



piece of paper, with the address given as "The Fourth Bench, City Hall Park."

Whether your shell hits the target or not,  
Your cost is five hundred dollars a shot.  
You thing of noise and flame and power,  
We feed you a hundred barrels of flour  
Each time you roar. Your flame is fed  
With twenty thousand loaves of bread.  
Silence! A million hungry men  
Seek bread to fill their mouths again.

We commend to a discriminating public The Survey of January 3, as a distinguished and interesting number. It should figure on the bookstands and be read by a larger public than that to which its appeal is usually made. "Let me make the songs of a nation, who will, may make the laws" has sound sense at its root. Let us look to our songs!

#### GOSPEL OF GLADNESS

NOAH was the first optimist of record. After one hundred and fifty days of rain the waters abated and forty days later the captain of the ark sent forth first a raven and then a dove. But the latter found no rest for the sole of her foot and returned to shelter. Nothing discouraged, Noah waited seven days longer and again sent forth the dove, which flew back that same evening bearing an olive leaf. Then the patient and hopeful Noah waited seven more days before repeating the experiment, which done, the messenger returned no more. Then was Noah glad. He had been afloat upward of a year and, doubtless, his associates were as rebellious and irritable as were the subordinates of Columbus on a memorable occasion. But the optimistic faith of both prevailed and history, sacred and profane, acclaims each supreme in his period.

Mark Tapley is a modern instance of the spirit that rises superior to all discomforts; when the outlook was darkest he was the most cheerful. It is a grand attribute. Pollyana preached this same inspiring gospel and by her example presently infected the entire community. These fragmentary thoughts are due to a reading of Dr. Robert Freeman's New Year's poem, "Be Glad," which the talented pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Pasadena has sent out as a greeting and admonition to his friends. Not only does the message breathe hopefulness and cheerfulness in adversity, but it is clothed in colorful imagery, thereby adding charm to the text. The poem reads:

The hills are splashed with sunlight, the hedges  
blaze in red,  
There's a tangled mass of orange in the vine above  
my head,  
There's a glory in the orchard, and the poppy fields  
are spread  
Like the golden streets of Heaven—and I'm Glad.

But when ghosts from off Pacific, with their airy,  
phantom band  
Swathe the mountain, sweep the canyon, fill the  
sky, possess the land,  
Touch the springs, and start the fountains, loose  
the floods with magic hand  
Till the waters burst in torrent—I'll Be Glad.

And when from out the desert, with his wild and  
dusty train,  
Swirling garments, screaming madly, storming  
over peak and plain,  
Breaks some hotly-breathing Boreas, dealing ruin,  
wreck and pain,  
In a night of visitation—Why Be Sad?

For our wealth is more than weather, and our sun-  
light than the day,  
The life we own than stick or stone, our pleasure  
more than play;  
Ours the peace within the promise, who have heard  
the Master say:  
"I Will Never, Never Leave Thee"—So Be Glad.

Then let us greet the season with the smile of  
those who know  
That though darkness overtake us in the way that  
we must go,  
Though we stumble and grow weary, there's a  
Friend that speaketh: "Lo!  
I Will Never, Never Leave Thee"—And Be Glad.

Dr. Freeman finds inspiration for his injunction in Hebrews 13:5: "Be content with such things as ye have, for He hath said, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'" This, then, is God's good word for 1914 as delivered by one of his faithful servants. Let us endeavor to live up to the doctrine of gladness, striving to remember ever the silver lining lurking within the cloud, that will presently peep forth if we

contain our souls in patience and hold fast to that which is good. That will be all for today, brethren.

#### FORD WAY IS THE BEST WAY

NATURALLY enough, business men of philanthropic impulses are greatly interested in President Ford's plan of profit-sharing with the employees of the Ford Motor Company with its twenty-four thousand names on the payrolls. In New York, the head of this successful concern has been sought in interview and what he has to say is delightfully free of involved theories. Defending his \$5 a day minimum wage scale he declares that it costs just as much for a floor sweeper to feed his babies as it does for a motor construction engineer. He proposes to distribute \$10,000,000 a year among his men, not at the end of the season, but every two weeks. Here is his philosophy of life:

I think it is a disgrace to die rich. I am enjoying my money and intend to get all possible out of it while I live. I don't expect to leave any vast fortune to my relatives, because I do not believe they would know how to use it. If I did, they could have it. I think Edison is the biggest man living. I live on Edison avenue in Detroit. I am building a house on a 2000-acre farm, however, and expect to live there. I am not a churchman. My only religion is to make the men who are working for me contented. There is no "if" attached to our profit sharing plan. It will be carried out without notification to the men except what they know through the newspapers. They will simply get the money.

Apparently, the successful manufacturer has adopted as his creed that saying from Matthew vii. 7: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." It is a law that is not too often observed. Not to be ribald, it is clear that Mr. Ford has considered the profits as well as the sage teachers of philosophy and he proposes to divide the former among the men who help to make them. It is better to shed sunshine and happiness as one goes through life than to wait until after death to devise one's millions to colleges, hospitals or libraries. The workingmen who are partially responsible for such accumulations of riches are debarred from all participation in them, although their children, possibly, may reap a benefit. Mr. Ford's way is more in accord with the golden rule and the country will hope that more employers will be found of his point of view, ready to share their large profits with their associates in the making. We like the Ford way much better than the Carnegie way, although this is not to disparage the great things the Ironmaster has wrought with his unlimited wealth.

#### CHICAGO TAKES A STEP BACKWARD

SCARCELY had the reorganized Chicago board of education confirmed the election of Mrs. Ella F. Young as superintendent of schools when it proceeded to put the stamp of disapproval on one of her pet projects—the teaching of sex hygiene to high school pupils. This retrograde action, naturally, has received the warm approval of reactionary papers and one such fossilized sheet in Los Angeles, with reckless disregard of the facts, renders a diatribe on the "vicious practice of familiarizing boys and girls, herded together, with sexual studies that destroy the modesty and reserve that should exist between them." With fatuous blindness or willful perversity our contemporary asks: "What intelligent mother with a young daughter wants her herded into a room with promiscuous boys and girls while a salaried teacher delivers a lecture on sexual relations?"

Shame on so egregious a distortion of the facts. At no time was such a procedure even remotely contemplated by Mrs. Young, let alone practiced. Women lecturers, carefully chosen, explained the human functions to the girls exclusively, imparting what every girl has a right to know, in self protection, and avoiding that which might be in anywise embarrassing. It was, in truth, an admirable educational feature, calculated to strengthen the ignorant and assist the impulsive in maintaining their self-guard. Likewise, in their own classroom, lads of the age of puberty were wisely and kindly directed in their studies of physiology by supplemental lectures so carefully considered that only the best results could follow.

This is not "sex faddism," nor does it encourage sensuality. It teaches right thinking, right living, and in prohibiting the study of sex hygiene the Chicago board of education has taken a backward step.

What colossal folly to say that the children are attracted by the salacious rather than by the scientific in this branch of education. We might quote the good old axiom *honi soit qui mal y pense* in refutation of so contemptible a suggestion. Why should plain truths, delicately conveyed, cause the hearers to scoff at modesty and have less reverence for chastity? The notion is preposterous. If knowledge is power—and who shall deny it?—then why withhold from those needing every bulwark to restrain the insidious advances, to be met all too soon, that which will aid in keeping a sound mind in a sound body? It is all very well to prate of the home as the place to receive that instruction which the Chicago iconoclasts have just denied the high school pupils, but how many have the ability to impart the truths that should be told? Because our fathers and mothers were not taught sex hygiene at school the Los Angeles silurian sheet argues that the children of this generation do not need the study. Before such an argument who wouldn't be dumb?

#### JAPAN'S RECURRING VISITATION

WHEN St. Pierre with upward of thirty thousand souls was destroyed by volcanic eruption, twelve years ago, the entire world was aghast as the tale of woe was unfolded. Three years later a similar horror was experienced when Calabria was suddenly afflicted by underground upheaval, the loss of life being even greater than was experienced at St. Pierre. Japan has long been a sufferer from earthquake shocks, supplemented by volcanic disturbances. Away back in 1596 it is recorded that cities were destroyed, together with thousands of lives. More than a hundred years later, February 2, 1703, Yeddo was the scene of a cataclysmal disaster of like nature in which 200,000 persons perished. This visitation was repeated, in the same spot in 1855, the city being well nigh wiped out.

Always, these earthquake catastrophes have occurred in regions subject to volcanic eruptions and a study of historic records reveals the certain repetition after long intervals of the same form of disaster. The ancient philosophers and students attributed earthquakes to subterranean clouds bursting out into lighting which shook the vaults that confined them. Later scientists have agreed that it is probable that steam generated by underground heat contributes to occasion them. That these cavities below the earth's surface abound with inflammable substances which are forced upward by the explosion is not improbable. The velocity of their propagation has ever been a notable feature and scientific research has gone so far as to measure the quakes at between 470 and 530 feet a second.

It was such a dual visitation of earthquakes and eruptions that overwhelmed the island of Sakura in southern Japan and whose dire effects extended to the thriving city of Kagoshima, the capital of Satsuma province, which was buried under the rain of hot ashes thrown out by the volcano Sakura-Jima, four miles distant. When it is borne in mind that Tokio, five hundred miles away, was enveloped in a storm of fine ashes, propelled by the force of the eruption, the damage necessarily wrought in Kagoshima, almost at the base of the active volcano, may be readily imagined. All accounts agree that the volcano erupted with lightning-like rapidity, and that it was accompanied by a series of seismic shocks that oscillated the entire region, seriously retarding the progress of the fleeing natives, already tortured and harassed by the hot ashes that burnt to the flesh as they settled. Estimates of the loss of life are vague. Until the relief ships sent by the Japanese government are heard from there can be no accurate figures, but those nearby believe the loss of life will reach well up into the thousands.

Pomona wants to emulate Corona's folly and build a speedway. Softening of the municipal brain is a sad disease to contemplate.



## Brieux Reintroduced; Miracle Not Reported---By Randolph Bartlett

EVER since the introduction of Eugene Brieux to the English reading public through three of his plays translated by St. John Hankin, John Pollock and Mrs. Bernard Shaw, with an introduction by Shaw himself for good measure, the question has been asked perpetually, why have not more of the plays of this great genius of the French stage been done into English? It was not that he was lacking in fecundity, for the newspapers carry brief dispatches from time to time of premieres of new plays by this leader of the Latin drama. It was not that the demand was to be doubted, because the sensational "Damaged Goods," and the still more powerful "Maternity" had created an interest in this dramatist which was not evanescent. Careful examination of the new volume of two plays by Brieux, "Blanchette" and "The Escape" leads to the suspicion that the reason no person has taken advantage sooner of the fallow field, is that when the Shaw coterie had turned out the first set of three plays, it had skimmed the cream off the Brieux product.

Not that these two plays, now read in English for the first time, are weak, puerile, or unworthy of a place upon a bookshelf where the drama of ideas alone is permitted to dwell. On the contrary, they are worthy specimens of modern drama—but further than "worthy" one cannot conscientiously go. As successors to "The Three Daughters of Monsieur Dupont" and the companion works they are distinct disappointments. Nor will the explanation that these are among the earlier works of Brieux suffice, for it is fair to assume that in selecting plays for this edition the best available ones were chosen. The sequence of these five plays historically is as follows: "Blanchette" 1892; "The Escape" 1896; "The Three Daughters" 1897; "Damaged Goods" 1901; "Maternity" 1903. So it would appear that Brieux, like many another author of note, Ibsen for instance, worked up to his climax and descended. Of course, this is mere speculation by one who, like most of us, must be content with what knowledge of the foreign drama is to be gained through translations and commentaries. Still, for those who keep asking, why do we not get more of Brieux, there is a suggestion of a reply in the fact that for the second set of translations two of his first plays were used, instead of one of the seven or eight written subsequently.

Still, as I have already said, these are not bad plays—but only a little disappointing to the admirer of Brieux who has bolted whole the declaration of George Bernard Shaw that "After the death of Ibsen Brieux confronted Europe as the most important dramatist west of Russia," therein ignoring not only Shaw himself, but two other names which I feel confident posterity will place above either, Hauptmann and Galsworthy. "Blanchette" lacks the power to entitle it to a place in that higher realm of drama, but as a play it is excellent. It has an idea, the idea is followed persistently and consistently, and the piece entertains. What more can you expect of a drama that is not an absolute work of genius?

Blanchette is the significant nickname given Elise, the daughter of Rousset, a peasant who, with the assistance of his wife, runs a small tavern in a small country town. She always was little and pale—hence the Blanchette—and seemed hardly one of the peasants. Her parents, being thrifty, were able to give her an education and so fit her for a position as school teacher. The play opens six months after Blanchette has passed her final examinations and been awarded her first class teacher's degree. To the simple-minded Roussets it seems strange that their daughter should not have stepped automatically into a lucrative position, and her father remonstrates with Galoux, a wealthy landowner who is about to run for deputy, and asks him to use his influence to have the appointment made. Galoux' daughter and Blanchette were school companions, so his interest is twofold. Rousset blusters in the name of the "common people"—what does he care if others are on the list ahead of Blanchette—he knows his rights. Galoux is in politics. The state induced him to have his daughter educated by holding out promises of employment and making easy terms. Her degree therefore, is nothing short of a promissory note now due, which must be paid, and Rousset, who has a vote, looks to Galoux, who is in politics, to see that the payment is made forthwith.

It does not appear that Galoux is deeply impressed by the rantings of Rousset. He departs, and the Morillons, father and son, neighbors of the Roussets, arrive. The father of Blanchette is at once a different person. He is all boastfulness. There is a piece of land he wants to buy from Morillon, and he suggests a trade. Morillon evades the issue, and asks about Blanchette. Rousset enlarges upon the young woman's cleverness and parades her before the Mor-

illons and a stupid roadmender. All this bores the girl, whose only relief is in the occasional visits of Lucie Galoux and her dreams of grandeur which she hopes to possess in reality at a future time through matrimonial acquisition. Her mother notices that there is no place for the parents in this dream world that Blanchette has constructed—and this is the essence of the play, that this girl has been educated away from her own station in life. Lucie comes to visit Blanchette and the latter is gay and natural for the first time. They live their school-days over again, and it is learned that they have agreed between them that the daughter of the peasants is to marry the brother of her wealthy friend. As they gossip Bonnefant, the roadmender, enters the tavern, but the girls are so absorbed they do not notice him. Then transpires one of the most dramatic moments of the play, brief, yet every word full of meaning, and big with portent of disaster. Here, in a nutshell, is the portrait of the daughter of the people who has acquired just enough polish to feel superior to them, and for contrast a natural aristocrat with her gracious manner toward even the humblest:

BONNEFANT. Well, Blanchette, when you have finished chattering you can give Bibi a cup of coffee.

BLANCHETTE. (A trifle piqued) If you care to sit down monsieur, I will call mamma.

BONNEFANT. It sounds so funny for you to call me "monsieur." But I don't want your mother, I want a cup of coffee.

BLANCHETTE. Right away. (She goes to the door at the left)

BONNEFANT. (Looking at Lucie) Why there's Mademoiselle Galoux. How d'ye do, mademoiselle?

LUCIE. Good day, my friend.

BLANCHETTE. (Coming back) My mother has gone out, monsieur. If you care to stop in again.

BONNEFANT. Can't you wait on me?

BLANCHETTE. No. I don't know where the things are.

BONNEFANT. Ah! Well, I'll go to the other place. All the same, it seems too bad that your father sent you to school so long only to have you return so unwilling.

BLANCHETTE. I am sorry. Good day, monsieur.

BONNEFANT. Good-bye. You're not very pleasant to people, I must say. (To Lucie) Good day, mademoiselle. Well, I'm off. (He goes).

LUCIE. Why didn't you give him his cup of coffee?

BLANCHETTE. I don't know where the things are. Besides I can't stand those peasants.

Here then we have the hypothesis: a girl with an education for which she has no immediate use, unfitted for the tasks to which she would have come naturally if she had been reared at home; a father who vaguely regards the girl's education as an asset which should be made tangible at once, ignorant of what education means but sufficiently proud of it as a family acquisition that he refuses the offer of Neighbor Morillon to marry his son and Blanchette and give Rousset the land he covets. In short, none of them understands what this degree of Blanchette's really means. Even Blanchette regards it as something which has elevated her above her own parents and neighbors.

Six months pass. Blanchette still has no position, and has eased her boredom by buying scientific works on agriculture and developing elaborate plans for making a metropolitan cafe out of the country tavern. Of course, her education has not fitted her for this sort of work. It is Brieux' dig at what now are called the cultural studies as opposed to the vocational. It is a fine tract for those who would have each child educated simply for that task which will come most quickly to its hand when it leaves school. The argument however is as full of holes as a Swiss cheese, but as we are at present considering the drama and not the thesis we pass on for the time. Blanchette is figuring upon making her parents wealthy by these schemes of hers, so that she will be eligible to marry her chum's brother. She makes a mess of everything, of course, and the ambitious plans have ridiculous denouements, culminating in a violent family row in front of Blanchette's wealthy friends when Rousset learns of the affront to his friend the roadmender. The parent forces coffee before the visitors. He then insults Galoux and Lucie and declares that Blanchette may as well forget all her education, for he has grown tired of her fine airs. She shall now become practically a scullery maid in the tavern. She refuses, declares she is unloved, and says that sooner than submit to this humiliation she will leave home. She is taken at her word, and goes out into the night.

More than a year passes. The Roussets have not the least information as to the whereabouts of Blanchette. They pretend to their neighbors that she

is doing well, but this is merely family pride. The mother is covertly anxious, the father blusteringly callous. One day the girl returns, starving but virtuous. The time is inopportune. Pere Rousset has just received a bill from the booksellers who sent the works on agriculture that caused so much trouble, and the old wound is reopened. The girl pleads for a home-shelter; she will do anything to earn it. All her pride is gone. Her story of the fight for existence is pitiful:

ROUSSET. You can go to Monsieur Galoux. He promised to engage you to give your friend Lucie lessons, your great friend—

BLANCHETTE. Monsieur Galoux kept his promise.

ROUSSET. And you did not stay there?

BLANCHETTE. No.

ROUSSET. But that was the place for you. You did not have to soil your hands, and that must have pleased you. I suppose you went and did something foolish and they made you get out.

BLANCHETTE. No, I did nothing wrong.

ROUSSET. If you did nothing wrong they would not have sent you away.

BLANCHETTE. You believe that?

ROUSSET. Of course!

BLANCHETTE. I had hardly entered Monsieur Galoux's services when his son, Monsieur George, wanted to make me his mistress. Then he spoke to me of marriage. It was then that they sent me away. Oh, they paid me a lot of compliments, but they gave me to understand that virtue and instruction could not take the place of a dowry, and they offered me a sum of money which I refused.

ROUSSET. Ah! Always these ideas of grandeur.

BLANCHETTE. How I wept and suffered from shame! But listen. From the Galoux's I went into another place, but I had to leave there also. In that place it was the mother who sent me away,—yes, the mother,—because in taking a companion for her daughter, she meant, at the same time, to have a teacher free from dangers. And after that?—a very respectable old gentleman had lost a daughter of just my age and whom he said I resembled. He wanted me to fill her place. Ah, that ignoble man! When I left, he shrugged his shoulders; my frankness made him pity me. That poor, inconsolable father! In another house it was the husband—

ROUSSET. You should have found a position with a single woman.

BLANCHETTE. That is just what I did, I was all right there, and I scrubbed the floor as you asked me to do. But I got nothing to eat. After all, I almost regret now that I did not imitate other girls I met, who were in just my position. They took the primrose path. And they are not to be pitied for it; no, on the contrary. Yes, yes, I am telling you the truth. Instruction does not teach virtue. There are enough miserable creatures who can roll up their teachers' degrees in their prostitute licenses.

ROUSSET. Then it is wrong to educate one's children?

BLANCHETTE. No. But one should show them how to make use of their education, and not try to make government officials of them.

There is the milk in the cocoanut at last. Vocational education the panacea for all the ills of the school system. Apparently, they have it in France as we have it in California. The story is soon ended. Rousset is obdurate, but when the roadmender comes in and Blanchette insists upon serving him, he is a little touched. Then Auguste, son of Neighbor Morillon finds the object of his former suit back home, and renews his offer of marriage, which is accepted after properly coy hesitation, and they all live happily ever after, Blanchette presumably forgetting all the culture and refinement she brought back from school and sinking to the degrading level of the ignorant and superstitious plodders from whom she sprung.

In other words, culture and education, as distinguished from the purely vocational or practical, is synonymous with arrogance and false pride, and is worthless to persons of the humbler walks of life. Shucks, and likewise rot! Blanchette, apparently, was spoiled long before she went to school, and with her father's arrogance as an inheritance it was nothing more than to be expected that she would be an insufferable little prig regardless of her training, unless taken in hand violently. Moreover, as Mencken sapiently remarks in his introduction to the volume, there is no reason to believe that if the Roussets had not been so impetuous, the girl's claim upon a position as a teacher would not have been recognized when her turn came.

Thus do the generalities in the play fail to stand up under the light of reason. As a thesis "Blanchette" overshoots the mark. As a play it has many points of excellence. The action is rapid and the dialogue brisk and never wordy. It has been a success on the French stage, and in fact was in its way an important factor in a new epoch of the French



drama. For a long time previous to Brieux the Paris stage had known but one dramatic formula—the triangle, the sexually unhappy woman, married or unmarried, with the cause of her fall and the honest lover. Even Paris was becoming satiated. To such a public Blanchette must have been a welcome diversion, and in its moral tone it is typical of the greater part of its author's work. Its failings are those of almost every drama written to prove something—if the characters move naturally they do not always establish to the audience what the author intended and if they do not move naturally the play is spoiled. Let it be said at least that Brieux is too honest a dramatist to force his characters to be inconsistent for the sake of demonstration.

("Blanchette," by Brieux. Translated by Frederick Eisemann. John W. Luce & Co.)

#### CHARM AND QUAINNESS OF "PRUNELLA"

"PRUNELLA," given by Mr. Winthrop Ames at the Little Theater and now at the Booth Theater, is a fantasy in three acts produced several years ago in London. Mr. Laurence Housman is responsible for the idea of the poetry, Mr. Joseph Moorat for the music, Mr. Granville Barker assisted in arranging it for the stage. At this period in the world's history it takes a deal of faith in oneself and in other people to write a play about a restless little girl in a formal garden with a band of strolling players typifying the world and its allurements singing outside. But the end has justified the faith of writers and producers. Prunella is a dainty thing as delicate as a miniature, a rare bit of old china, or a beautifully carved cameo. It is a trifle, light as air. It floats before one like an impalpable cloud on a summer's day. The little girl lives in a hedged garden with her aunts Prim, Prude and Privacy, their two servants Queer and Quaint, three gardeners and the gardener's boy.

\* \* \*

It is a pleasant place, but the little girl gets very tired of minding her Ps and Qs and she wants to see the world outside. She comes naturally by her desire for years before without proper leave-taking her mother went away with an Italian gentleman who had come to put in the garden a wonderful fountain presided over by the God of Love. Afterward, the little girl, with a note telling of her mother's death, was left in a basket outside the door for the aunts to take of. They accepted the trust and brought her up as Prim, Prude and Privacy might be expected to bring up a little girl whose mother had run away with an Italian gentleman. She must not cross her feet. She must keep her apron straight. She must learn her lessons and read a book about the stars and moon, that puts even the aunts to sleep and all the while outside the strolling players are making merry. At last when the aunts are quite unconscious the merry makers invade the garden and their inconsequent master Pierrot in his white Pierrot's dress brings knowledge to the little maid in a kiss. Then at night when all are asleep they come again and Pierrot pleads with Prunella to come down into the moonlight—

They would say nothing. They won't mind; they are asleep too.

People when sleeping come out of their shells and find wings;

They become wise. They open their eyes and can see;

They become happy and young. They become free!

And the little girl from the open window looks down upon him and when he climbs to her on the ladder she yields herself to his arms and in response to his pleading and to the voice of the God of Love she lets her little blue overdress fall away and he bears her away a beautiful little Pierrette to bask forever in his love.

\* \* \*

But as always happens the world is not what it is pictured. And Pierrot is faithless. Out in the world he tires of being married and he gives her everything that will make her happy except his love. That he takes with him when he goes. But it grows heavier and heavier and at last the burden of it is too much for him and he comes back to the garden to find peace, but the garden has fallen into decay. Two of the aunts are dead and the other has fallen into low estate. She must sell the garden and Pierrot is the buyer. He has searched for Pierrette but in the little house where they had been happy for a time he found only his pretty gifts left to gather dust and on a stone in the garden the legend "Pierrette is dead" and he cannot remember the name she had before he called her Pierrette. He takes no pleasure in the friends who come to eat his food and drink his wine but he must feast with them and while they are in the house feasting comes Prunella. She has traveled a long and weary road to reach the garden and the aunts who love her. But they are not there and Scaramel her master's man does not recognize her and Doll and Romp and Tawdry and Coquette have forgotten her. They cannot re-

member even so far back as yesterday, and they do not like to have one about who is sad and weeps.

\* \* \*

Left alone with the fountain the God of Love awakes and speaks and at his command she descends into the water. And then come the revellers lightened in spirit by the wine they have drunken and Pierrot with his heavy heart who believes that perhaps he can call up Pierrette's ghost to comfort him if he can reconstruct that night of long ago. And so they put up the ladder and he calls forth the moon and the blinds of her window swing open and he goes up the ladder as he did long ago; but the room is empty and he is broken-hearted and then he forgets himself and remembering only his love calls Pierrette and Pierrette at the bottom of the fountain hears his voice and comes. Pierrot does not know whether she is living or dead, whether she is there in the flesh or only in spirit, but he puts his hand on her heart and it beats. He has learned his lesson. He will not grieve love again. He will keep her now that he has found her tenderly, and his heavy heart grows light again.

\* \* \*

The little play is staged with Mr. Ames' usual attention to details. The setting is very lovely. Miss Marguerite Clark is a dainty bit of Dresden china. If she could only act as well as she looks one might feel a certain emotional significance in the part. As it is she is lovely to look upon but she is so conscious that what she does she is doing very prettily indeed that the role does not rise above the level she sets. Mr. Glendinning as Pierrot is not physically suited to the role and partly for that reason he loses much of its lightness and underlying poetry but he plays the balcony scene with grace and charm. The play is a trifle, quaint and delicate, but well worth turning aside for from the more serious plays of the day, but the charm in the rhyme of both lines and music is so evanescent that it is hard to describe once one ceases to hear it.

New York, Jan. 12, 1914.

ANNE PAGE.

#### One of Will Woolwine's Best

Home from his recent trip to the South with his wife Will Woolwine is back at the bank with a stock of good stories so well told that few can vie with him in recounting. Years ago, back in 1896, Will visited Washington in company with General Harrison Gray Otis, the late W. C. Patterson and W. G. Kerckhoff in the interest of the harbor of San Pedro, as secretary of the harbor league, and while there he told a story, a copy of which I happen to have, clipped from the Washington Star when it was fresh. But it has lost nothing by age. Here it is: "A mountaineer who seemed to be half-witted was brought into court charged with moonshining. 'Are you guilty or not guilty?' asked the judge. 'I don't know what you mean,' returned the prisoner. 'Did you or did you not make liquor without paying license?' 'Course I did. It's good likker, Jedge.' 'Well, didn't you know it was wrong?' 'Course not. Pap made it, an' he wer a good man, a preacher.' There was such a vacant look in the man's face that the judge believed him to be semi-idiotic. Turning to the district attorney, he said: 'I don't know what to do in this case. The man is evidently non compos mentis.' 'I'll tell you, jedge,' suggested the culprit, 's'posin' we just let this thing drop on both sides.' And the case was 'drapped'."

#### Conradi's Remarkable Recovery

Simon Conradi is demonstrating remarkable physical resources. It is only about two months since he fell and broke his hip, and owing to his advanced age his friends feared they never would see him again in his accustomed haunts. I hear that he is already able to be about on crutches, however, and is looking forward to being around town again before long.

#### GRAPHITES

It is not raining rain today, but golden dollars fall in Southern California within the reach of all; We may not not find the specie if we plunge into the wet, But O, the glorious crops ahead will fill our coffers yet.

Paderewski, the pianist, is having a parlous time on his present tour. In Denver he was threatened with violence so that he cancelled his dates and now, on the coast, he alleges that an attack of neuritis obliges him to disappoint audiences in San Francisco and Oakland. Truth is, the anti-Jewish sentiment is said to obsess him and reprisals are from the element he is reputed to have flouted. His attack of neuritis may prove to be affritis.

In the rescue of the crew and passengers of the wrecked steamer Cobequid off Nova Scotia again has the wireless demonstrated its signal usefulness to mankind. But for the prompt aid in response to the distress call all on board the doomed vessel must have perished.

## By the Way



#### Little Theater Opening Draws Nigh

Although Los Angeles professes the keenest interest in the Little Theatre venture, it is not alone in its eagerness to watch the results of this experiment. There are several theaters of this style in the east established in large and wealthy cities with an assured clientele, but the Little Theater will be the only one in the west, and the literary and dramatic folk who are solicitous for the welfare of the drama are hazarding many guesses as to the success of this new development. That it is regarded as a laudable departure, and one which means much to the development of dramatic taste, is proved by warm commendations from many authoritative writers—Harper's Weekly having recently devoted an editorial to the project. At present the Little Theater seems assured of success. It is almost in readiness for its opening January 26—an intimate, friendly little house in warm brown tones that in themselves offer a mute welcome and should have a psychological effect on audiences and players. There is to be nothing of glare and clatter—only subdued lights, noiseless attendants, soft music. Naturally, the luxurious appointments—the rest rooms, the smoking room, the tea-room, the upstairs ball room—all of these social features attach additional individuality to the Little Theater, but these are only a background, for its real purpose is not to cater to society, but to present to cultivated people the plays that commercial managers are forced to forego, since the public will laud them to the skies in the abstract, but fail to give them support in the concrete.

#### Feast of Good Things Ahead

There is a feast of good things planned. The company has been chosen for intelligence, ability and talent, not for spectacular value. It is directed and managed by men who are as thoroughly versed in theatrical demands as any in the country. The opening play is to be John Galsworthy's drama, "The Pigeon," with Frank Reicher in his original role of Fernand. Then there is Winthrop Ames' "Snow White," which Mr. Ames will release for production here because of his desire to see the Little Theater succeed. Percy Mackaye's "Tomorrow," the Anatol dialogues, Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Social Evil," "Strife," "The Cherry Orchard," a number of one act-plays, revivals of "The School for Scandal" and similar old dramas—these are only a portion of the good things. An announcement which will bring anticipation to many is that Lewis Stone will come to play the Dane in "Hamlet," surrounded by a brilliant cast.

#### Are We a Lot of Poseurs?

And now that Los Angeles has a Little Theater, what is it going to do with it? Undoubtedly, for the first few weeks it will receive support, for fads have always a vogue. But after the novelty has faded, will it continue its existence? For although it is not a commercial proposition, the theater must be self supporting, and this it cannot be unless Los Angelenos are willing to go to see the plays presented. The offerings have been asked for in reading circles; at clubs, at teas, at artistic and social gatherings it has been bewailed many times that the stage does not offer the highest in dramatic productions. Now it is to be seen if this desire is a matter of words alone. Los Angeles is fond of prating about its "culture," fond of talking of the mysticism of Maeterlinck and the satire of Shaw, and then of crowding to see a peroxidized beauty twist through the mazes of a garish dance, and ignore the really artistic productions. The time is coming when the sincerity of those who have yearned for Schnitzler, Ibsen, Brieux, Moliere, and others of like fame, will be put to the test. Do we want the best in drama, or are we posing?

#### Galsworthy's Slang Puzzles Critic

Henry Warnack devoted a considerable amount of space in his discussion of the drama last Sunday to confession that he could not understand why John Galsworthy calls the play which will open the Little Theater, "The Pigeon." If Henry had only kept his file of The Graphic complete, and looked



up the review of the drama when it was published about two years ago, he would have learned that the word "pigeon" is used in its slang sense, practically unknown outside of England. A pigeon, in this usage, is a gullible, or soft person, and in the Galsworthy play refers to the artist Wellwyn, who gives indiscriminately, to all sorts of undeserving beggars.

#### Sunsetter Foshay Will Be Missed

How shocked I was when the news of Prof. James A. Foshay's sudden death met my eye in the telegraph proofs as I sat at my desk Wednesday turning out my daily dole of editorial brick. There was a blur to the page for a minute or two as I recalled how we had sat together at the last Sunset Club gathering and with what unction he had led in the singing of the words I had written to a well-known tune. As the last lines were sung we all stood up and dear old Foshay's hands gripped mine while our voices blended in the chorus. His was a kind, lovable nature. I never heard him say a mean word of anyone; he hated shams, admired sterling worth in anyone and was without envy of his fellows. Always obliging he responded with cheerful alacrity to the demands for a song and was at his best in the stirring "When Good Fellows Get Together" which no one could render with more spirit and sympathetic feeling. How we shall miss him at future gatherings! He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-Sunsetters.

#### Sigurd Russell's Foolishness

Rather shamefacedly Sigurd Russell entered the sanctum the second day after he foolishly turned a pistol on himself and in a contrite sort of voice explained that he was about to retire to the mountains for two months to recover his poise and take mental stock. I commended the plan and despite the tell-tale vest, on which the course of the bullet in and out was to be traced, could not forbear to administer a scolding. "Why," I asked him, "did you do so foolish an act and was it fair to select such a spot for the deed?" He admitted that he had not thought of the unpleasant notoriety that would attach to the girl's name thus unfairly linked with his rash act. Said he, "My philosophy of life is such that I will have all or nothing." I rebuked him sharply. "It is an irrational philosophy," I retorted. "Better by far fight and run away with a promise of returning to the fray later than attempt to annihilate yourself. Now," I added, "get back to normal. Be a man, not a bundle of emotions, and stop your foolishness. You have a brilliant mind, but it is sadly warped. Straighten it out and let your friends see what is really back of your exterior." And Sigurd promised. Years ago I used to know his father, the scintillant dilettante lecturer and writer, whose erratic but gifted mind has been bequeathed to his son. There is much good in Sigurd, but he lacks the discipline that habits of self-control instill. I hope his self-immurement will be of benefit.

#### Rob Wagner to Take the Plunge

I hope I am breaking no faith in revealing the fact that Rob Wagner, artist, lecturer and humorist and long time a widower, is to take unto himself a help-mate Sunday in the person of Miss Florence Welch of Topeka, who, to employ his own language, "has consented to take the Awful Chance" with him. Continues the irrepressible Rob: "We will splash in at high noon Sunday, the eighteenth, only the families attending. From then to seven of the same day we will be at home, in my studio, to a few friends and we want you to help us (at least) start conspicuously!" Will I respond to this appeal? I certainly will.

#### Joe Scott Given the Top Vote

I must publicly offer my profound sympathy to General Otis because that arch offender against all decrees Otisian, Joseph Scott, received more than three million votes in the election of permanent directors by the stockholders of the Los Angeles Investment Company, when Son-in-Law Harry Chandler received two hundred thousand less. Also, there is food for thought for those who take delight in prodding, or trying to annoy Scott in connection with the board of education, in the fact that he received the largest vote of any of the directors. In this is seen the measure of the influence of newspaper attacks when directed at a man of integrity. 'Tis a bitter pill for Otis and Earl, but these worthies have had so many unpalatable prescriptions forced down their throats of late that their sense of taste must be pretty well injured to anything.

#### Those Incurable Millionaires

It now remains to be seen what will be the effect of actually forcing a rich man to pass several days in jail as punishment for speeding. In San Francisco it begins almost to look as if the reckless and wealthy automaniacs are going to make this a new sort of game. Richard McCreery furnished the reporters with cheerful interviews and seemed to be enjoying himself, when sent to the county jail for

being a menace to the lives of pedestrians. No sooner was he comfortably ensconced in his cell than Forrest Ashe—is this a relative of the erudite Porter?—was sent to keep him company for a like offense. I cannot see how jail life could be considered desirable, but to the distorted view of the reckless automobilist there may be something soothing about it and, besides, he becomes quite the hero in the eyes of his fellow sinners and figures conspicuously in a unique manner in the yellow press. Must the whipping post of Delaware be adopted, after all?

#### Noted Stanford Alumnus Here

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lindley entertained Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Hoover of London at the Los Angeles Country Club last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Hoover, who both graduated from Stanford University, have two fine boys in their delightful London home and Mr. Hoover, starting out from college as a mining engineer, has become one of the most successful mining men in the world. He is one of the trustees of Stanford University and, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the present condition of his alma mater, the Hoovers will, for two months, occupy a cottage on the college campus and plan to return to England in the spring.

#### Movement Is Discovered at Last

Scarcely less amusing than the trick played upon the annexationists is the discovery of the Fruitland situation by the Tribune and the Examiner. I have referred from time to time to the manner in which the public was being brazenly deceived by the Los Angeles dailies, which endeavor to create the impression that the entire county is eager to come into the city, and cases like the one in hand absolutely ignored. The Times, consistent old reprobate, maintains its silence, but the Tribune and Examiner were apparently vaguely troubled in the region where their consciences would be if they had such attachments, and took cognizance of the fact that the decision of the district was opposed to helping pay the Los Angeles tax bills. The sad thing about it, however, is that a daily attempt was made to create the impression that the movement had its inception in the Fruitland district itself, and the issue was rather a neighborhood quarrel than the determination of the territory to protect itself against this invasion. Surely peanut politics raises a fine crop of chicanery.

#### Fruitlands Still Dodges Annexation

Wednesday, the fourth of the elections called for the purpose of annexing Fruitlands to Los Angeles, to form a connecting link by which to reach Huntington Park, was held and resulted in the defeat of annexation by a vote of five to nothing. This is the best joke yet played on the annexation commission. From time to time these elections have been arranged, and each time the lines have been drawn smaller and smaller, gerrymandering so as to include only those voters believed to be in favor of being swallowed up by Los Angeles. Before the matter came to a vote, these folk, however, would see a great light, and the result was always adverse to the city's schemes. Finally, a fantastically shaped piece of territory was outlined, and it contained only nine voters. Six of these were procured to sign the election petition, leaving only three who could possibly be opposed. The election was called with only thirty days intervening, so there was no possibility of new registrations upsetting the scheme. With what glee the annexation commission members must have leaned back in their chairs and chortled, as much as to say, "Now darn ye, let's see how you'll get out of it." Well, Fruitlands did get out of it, and nobody seems to know just how. When the ballots were counted it was found that not one vote favored annexation, while five were cast against it. What had happened to the faithful six? At least, two of them must have turned traitor and the other four were not in evidence. L. P. Pritchard, manager of the Laguna ranch, is suspected of knowing something about the affair, but like all wise politicians, he and Br'er Rabbit "lay low an' ain't sayin' nuffin'."

#### Loyal Supporters of Symphony Music

One of the loyal supporters of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra is Mrs. Harriet W. R. Strong of Ranchito Del Fuerte, third vice president of the Symphony Orchestra association. Commenting on the earnest support given the efforts of Conductor Adolf Tandler by The Graphic Miss Strong writes of symphonic music: "Like everything else to perfect results there is but one royal road: 'Work, work, work!' In musical parlance it means rehearsals, drills,—rehearsals, drills. It has been stated by one who knows that in his opinion there is not a greater drill master in any country than the musical director of the Los Angeles Symphony, Adolf Tandler. His eminent success in the two concerts already given proves his capacity for such work, and if he is to produce like good results in the future he must be provided with the means to this end, namely money. The money is here. Los Angeles has never willingly

taken second place in any enterprise, and I feel sure that the moneyed people will be willing to continue the high standard set by the present symphonic work. The article of your Mr. Gates will assist in showing those uneducated in musical matters what is needed in the premises. I believe no symphony orchestra in the world is supported entirely by box receipts. This expression of art must be paid for outside of ordinary commercial methods." Let me add that to such true lovers of music as Mrs. Strong the Symphony Orchestra owes its establishment and maintenance. I hope her example and that of others associated with her will inspire kindred souls to aid in the good work in a financial way.

#### Wright Quits "Smart Set"

I learn that Willard Huntington Wright's position on the New York Evening Mail as official humorist, is not in addition to his other activities, for his incumbency of the editorial chair of the Smart Set has been terminated. As usual in such cases there are two interpretations of the incident, but Willard has written to friends here that "I resigned, due to what I termed in my resignation 'intellectual differences'." I doubt, however, that there was any prospect for anything more than ephemeral notoriety, and certainly not permanent success, in the publication of so thoroughly pornographic a publication as the Smart Set has become since Wright took hold. Wright's smartness is solely in that direction, and magazines cannot live on smut alone. However, "intellectual differences" has a fine, large sound.

#### Signs of Campaign Begin to Appear

Already, the signs of campaign year are beginning to appear. One of these is the appending of Guy Eddie's name to the combination Lissner-Earl-Johnson, which is used by the Times in speaking of the political powers that be. It is a good old trick, fastening the name of a discredited or unpopular member of a clique upon it, so that relations which formerly existed will, by implication, seem still to be in effect. From now until after election it is only to be expected that the names of E. T. Earl, Meyer Lissner, Guy Eddie, and Supervisor Norton, will appear with hyphens connecting them. It is one of the penalties of engaging in politics.

#### "Patsy" Clark One of an Old Order

Soon, it begins to appear, there will be so few of the old order of politicians left that it will be almost necessary for biographical and historical works to be written to tell future generations what manner of men they were. S. P. (Patsy) Clark's death this week removes another of the rapidly dwindling coterie who ruled in Los Angeles party councils less than a decade ago. He was a type of his order—generous, big-hearted, loyal to his friends—these are the attributes of all the old heads of political organizations. The benefactions of the Tammany chieftains are proverbial. Clark could hardly be described as a "boss," yet he had a finger in many deals, and that he was not a dictator was merely a matter of circumstances, for had his party been stronger his position would have given him great influence. It was one of the sorest blows he ever received when the Harper administration went wrong, and I believe he had nothing to do with the misdeeds which upset the city government at that time. He believed that, with a good record, the Harper regime could have been continued indefinitely and eventually formed the nucleus for a strong Democratic machine in the South. His disappointment was in proportion to the extent of this ambition. So goodbye to Patsy Clark. He was not of the political caste many of us admire most highly, yet he had many admirable qualities. Requiescat in pace.

#### Joke on E. L. Doheny

Aside from the fact that there appears to have been questionable ethics employed it was a good joke that was played upon E. L. Doheny in the local land office. A forgotten piece of government land—one of those survey correction slices—was wanted by Mr. Doheny to make his Beverly Hills property symmetrical. He therefore took the formal steps to purchase it from the government. In an undiscoverable manner the facts concerning the property were learned by another individual, who filed that much abused process, a homestead application, upon the lot, which took precedence over the Doheny application to buy. Unless the oil man can prove that the homestead was not filed in good faith he will have to relinquish his claim or buy out the homesteader. Homesteading is also a form of protection against creditors which is becoming popular. Not long ago a man who had been found guilty of embezzling funds of a Los Angeles corporation for which he occupied a position of trust, had his fine residence homesteaded so that it could not be seized, although it was with the stolen money that he had purchased the place. A few more cases like these and there will be amendments to the homestead law which are sadly needed.



# Music

By W. Francis Gates

In spite of the financial vicissitudes of the Los Angeles People's Orchestra, that body, under Hans Linne, has given several attractive programs. The last one, Sunday, was something better in caliber than the preceding orchestral concerts. There was the "Freischütz" overture, two Hungarian dances of Brahms, the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" and two more popular numbers. And the orchestra was particularly fortunate in its soloist, Alfred A. Butler, who played the first movement of the Tschaiakowsky piano concerto. Mr. Butler brings to his piano work a larger mentality than is usual, and this having the medium of a flexible and ample technique, his playing ranks him among the "intellectuals," with the best offered with orchestra in many a day. The latter, having had more chance for rehearsal than usual, was in correspondingly good trim.

Opening its season at Blanchard hall last Saturday night, the Brahms quintet almost duplicated its success of last year. This organization is now composed of Oskar Seiling, first violin, Louis Rovinsky, second violin, Rudolf Kopp, viola, Axel Simonson, violoncello, and Homer Grunn, piano. Mr. Rovinsky is the new member of the organization, succeeding to the chair of Adolf Tandler, whose duties as conductor of the symphony orchestra take too much of his time and energy for him to continue in the organization with which he has been associated three years. The quintet offered a piano quintet of Schumann and the string quartet gave a work by Dvorak. These were played with commendable spirit, but with not quite the finish that has placed the organization on so high a pedestal in former seasons. However, there is little doubt that more rehearsal under so good a concert master as Mr. Seiling will bring the quintet to its wonted condition. It is natural that with a change in the personnel the results should not be so good at first. Blanche Ruby was soloist of the evening, singing numbers from Debussy, Duparc, Leoncavallo, Gounod, and Mrs. Beach, with Mrs. Gertrude Ross at the piano. Miss Ruby was in good voice and captured her audience by her pleasing vocalization. The audience was of fine proportions and gave the quintet a warm greeting. Much of the credit of the success of these Brahms quintet concerts must be given to F. W. Blanchard, who has fathered the organization when there seemed no possibility of successful chamber music recitals in Los Angeles. With his energy as manager and his commodious hall at its disposal, in combination with the artistic excellence of the performers, there was every element of success, and the concerts have grown in popularity every year.

Did you read the Herald exudation concerning Melba, recently? No? Well, it is to laugh. And it shows how hard put to it non-musical writers are when ordered to concoct musical articles. The Herald headed its article "Melba Fast in Silence To Win Cheers" (letters one inch high). And this is followed by the fearful and wonderful information: "Whispers Command for Special Dressing Room and Again Becomes Mute. What Madame Melba, prima donna, does on the day of her concerts: Maintains an inviolate silence except to her maid. Addresses her only in whispers. Refuses food. Takes long walk alone and without speaking. Studies her szongs and encores for the eve-

ning. Goes to the theater in absolute silence. Speaks to no one there till after her first song has broken her silence spell." What a regime! Imagine the healthy Mrs. Armstrong taking long walks on an empty stomach—for she "refuses food." And it is a pity that she left her repertoire until the last thing. One might imagine that a woman of Melba's experience would have at her tongue's tip a repertoire no more exacting than was her offering to Los Angeles. But, does not the Herald aver that she passes part of the day, between those long and empty walks, "studying her szongs and encores for the evening?" Notice, please, what a Frenchy twist that "szongs" gives to the affair—you would know that the reporter of Melba's daily walk could hardly get rid of his French education while writing this cantabile menu. Is it possible that Hector Alliott strayed into the Herald office for a minute? But, no! that would be yet more emmpossible. The doctor now writes English.

January meeting of the Gamut Club was enlivened by the annual election of officers. The "slate" was nearly cracked—by a vote of sixty per cent more for A. W. Francisco than for any person presented by the nominating committee. But Mr. Francisco absolutely declining to serve, the list as presented was declared elected and the board of directors of the club now stands as follows: President, F. W. Blanchard; vice president, L. E. Behymer; secretary and treasurer, Charles E. Pemberton; Chas. A. Eager and F. H. Ellis. President Blanchard presented the annual report of the club finances, which showed the club to be decidedly prosperous, to have made large payments on outstanding obligations and to have put aside a snug sum the past year. He was rewarded by an enthusiastic vote of thanks.

Musical numbers were provided by Hanna Knagenhjelm, soprano, recently of Sweden, singing a Lohengrin aria and a Schubert song; Mr. Laparra, playing a set of his Spanish dances and also the prelude to his opera "La Habanera," and several numbers were sung by the Orpheus triple quartet. Interesting talks were given by Chas. A. Eager, recently returned from Tahiti; by Adolf Willhartitz, president emeritus of the club, on Los Angeles treatment of musicians, and by L. E. Behymer on the current musical attractions. James W. Foley, poet and humorist, received a hearty welcome on his return to Los Angeles and charmed his listeners with poem and story.

At the next concert of the Orpheus Club, it will sing two choruses by Frederick Breuschweiler, a recent addition to the musical colony. The local composer, if his compositions are sufficiently worthy, has less trouble securing a hearing in Los Angeles than in many cities.

Resigning seems rather a pastime with those prominent in symphony matters in Los Angeles. For instance, Harley Hamilton resigns the conductorship, followed by Len Behymer resigning the managership; then many of the board of directors resign. Next, Edward Lebegott resigns from the conductorship of the People's Orchestra; not to be outdone, Adolf Tandler resigns the conductorship of the Symphony Orchestra and Fred Toye resigns the business management. There are still possibilities for more resigna-

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tion as there are about thirty on the present symphony board. But it is all good advertisement and the Symphony Orchestra seems to be gaining at every step, even in the matter of business management—which now is in the hands of an experienced manager, J. T. Fitzgerald, and so there will be no loss there.

In the art department of The Graphic recently was the statement that in certain families in Los Angeles, instead of the various members buying scattering gifts for the others, the individual funds are united in the purchase of a fine painting for the home. A sensible thing to do, each thus giving a larger, more beautiful, more permanent present to the others. Why should it not be carried out in a musical way? In a family of five for instance, the combined ten dollar bills would buy a good Victrola or Gramophone or Edsonograph or whatever they are called, and the way would be open for all to enjoy good music at any time. And each succeeding Christmas could see the purchase of records from great singers, pianists, violinists, cellists, good orchestras, large bands—the whole repertoire of the musical world, almost. Take an average price of two dollars a record, then a fifty dollar Christmas present would give enjoyment to the family the whole year. Of course, if there was a weak-minded member who enjoyed the Humpty-Dumpty raggisms of the modern dance, a few of these appropriately-priced fifty-cent contortions could be laid in stock, with the contract made beforehand that they were to be played only Sunday mornings while the remainder of the family was at church and the young woman was at home alone with her conscience and her distorted rhythms.

Musical America's Paris correspondent says of a former local celebrity organist: "Arthur Alexander, the Parisian tenor, who hails from Los Angeles, has given up his position as organist of the American Church in Paris, in order to be able to accept requests for recitals. Mr. Alexander rarely sings outside of France. Three public appearances and ten or twelve private appearances in London and about five or six in Germany are all he can accept. His time is booked in France. Strange to say his diction, that of a foreigner to the country, is always commented upon most flatteringly by his audience and the press. At a recital which he gave last month and which was attended by the best of Paris musical society, the audience bore a decidedly international stamp. Americans were by no means in the majority. He gave six additional songs, the greatest hit being made by Arthur Foote's "Irish Love Song," which had to be repeated. Mr. Alexander always plays his own accompaniment in the style of Georg Henschel."

Thomas Hardy has joined hands with those who are campaigning against the public exhibition of performing animals. He says, truthfully, that it is marvelous that the twentieth century, with all its rhetoric on morality, should tolerate such useless inflections as making animals do what is unnatural to them.

There is a movement afoot to get for Anatole France the distinction of the Order of Merit. It is thought unlikely that it will succeed. It seems much more likely, and perhaps more to be desired, that Oxford should confer upon France an honorary degree.

Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and Art will give a Certificate Concert this evening at the studio, with the preparatory and intermediate pupils participating, and next Saturday evening they will give a similar affair for the intermediate and academic students.

## POE AND HIS POETRY

By Lewis Chase, Ph. D.

WHAT, I feel, is the last word on Edgar Allen Poe has been uttered by the erudite Lewis Chase, Ph. D., son of that Ethan Allen Chase of Riverside whose celebrated citrus fruit nursery has done so much to help make famous the orange growing industry in Southern California. Before considering the book in hand it is pleasant to recall the fact that Prof. Chase, the son, was at one time well known in Riverside social circles—in the early 90's—as the tennis partner of his lamented brother "Marty." Lewis went to Stanford when the university was first opened, but gained his Ph. D. at Columbia. He took a fancy to the stage after leaving California and played in such airy trifles as "Richelieu," "Hamlet" and "Rigoletto." After tutoring at Columbia he was full professor of English literature at Bloomington, Ind., and Louisville, Ky. Going abroad later he studied German in Berlin, French at Grenoble, France, lived for a time at Bordeaux where he lectured at the university, and of recent years has lived in London.

It is interesting to note that in the Poetry and Life series published by George G. Harrap & Co. of London, Prof. Chase is the only American author. Nineteen volumes have been issued, beginning with "Keats and His Poetry" by William Henry Hudson, general editor of the series and staff lecturer on literature to the university extension board of the University of London, Johnson and Goldsmith, Gray and Shelley, Coleridge, Matthew Arnold, Lowell, Burns, Spencer, Mrs. Browning, Milton, Scott, Tennyson, Longfellow, Byron, Horace, Pope and the Elizabethan lyrists are among the poets treated by a brilliant lot of essayists, so that Prof. Chase may well feel proud of the company in which he is by no means inconspicuous.

What the author has done and done well is to present a biographical study of Poe in such a way that it serves to young students as an introduction and key to the work of the poet. More than thirty representative poems are included in the little treatise, so carefully selected and so characteristic that they admirably reflect the movement of the mind of their author, the literary criticism accompanying illuminating the poet's qualities and thus supplementing the biographical material in a striking manner. Professor Chase has brought to his task a well-informed mind, a great love for his subject and a facility of expression in the choicest English that lends additional charm to what he has to offer. No matter how well-defined the life and works of Poe may be in the average reader's mind, after reading the essay of Professor Chase new light is obtained on the genius of what Mr. Gosse has called "The Piper of Hamelin to all later English poets," whose stimulating power and historical position are admitted the world over. S. T. C.

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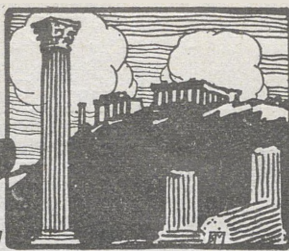
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# Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

## EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK:

American and European Painters—Fine Arts Gallery.

In the death of Eugene C. Frank, which occurred at his studio home near Glendale, Friday, January 9, the field of local art loses one of its strong and sincere painters. It is not an easy task, at this time, for me to write an appreciation of Mr. Frank's work. It would be more in accordance with my mood to estimate the value of the man, but this, of course, is not the mission of my pen. Mr. Frank was a big-hearted, broad-minded, charitable man endowed with the best brand of public spirit and progressive citizenship. After that, he was a painter of sincerity and knowledge. In all this great unsettled cauldron of western art he remained true to the traditions of his craft. Few painters there are hereabouts who have established a technique of such sound proportions of solidity as had Mr. Frank.

Because an artist is trained by those standard methods of which the younger generation of painters is prone to make slighting remarks is not necessarily a sign that he is out of date in his work. So long as a canvas is well-drawn, true in values, harmonious in color and sound in technique, it will remain a valued work of art to the end of time, provided it possess the qualities of poetic conception that spell the artistic success of a painted picture. One may criticize the French and German academy methods of twenty-five years ago as much as one pleases, but the fact remains that they always produced well equipped workmen. Mr. Frank's art education had been thorough and comprehensive and his long years of foreign study and observation, supplemented by extensive travel in all parts of the world, had endowed the artist's mind in rich abundance.

The term "solid" seems best to describe Mr. Frank's renderings. It may be truly said that he was at all times a draftsman of supreme excellence. In many of his large canvases depicting street scenes in Rome, Florence and Venice, we are filled with deep admiration for the ease and knowledge with which the difficult perspectives are managed. Mr. Frank was also a colorist of much feeling and never failed to carry a deep conviction of the truth to nature in his well-understood and carefully considered landscape studies. Sincerity and purpose characterize all of his work and if some of his most successful canvases possess more detail than our modern training deems necessary, we venture to speculate upon the question whether or not many of our so-called modernists are able to attempt the difficult feats of drawing, perspective, and color handling that go to make Mr. Frank's canvases perfect examples of a school of painting that has laid the firm foundation for the best art of the world.

Eugene C. Frank was born in Stuttgart, Germany, and when a mere lad entered the service of his country, first in the navy and later in the army. In 1861 he journeyed to New York and engaged himself as an engraver with the Heliographic Engraving Company, in whose employ he remained for four years. In 1874 he took up the study of painting and worked under such able men as A. C. Howland, Alexander H.

Wyant, Robert C. Minor, George Maynard, and William Hart. In the fall of 1871 he went to Europe and pursued his art studies at Munich and Karlsruhe under Prof. Lier, Hermann Barsch, and Gustav Schoeulder. Following his extended course of instruction under these masters of the craft, Mr. Frank made an exhaustive tour of the West Indies, Africa, and South America, finally visiting in turn all of the art cities of France, Germany, Italy, Holland, England, and Scotland. Returning at length to America, Mr. Frank maintained a studio in New York for ten years, later establishing himself at Wilkesbarre, Pa., from which place he came to Los Angeles five years ago.

Mr. Frank was a member of the Artist's Society of Munich, of Karlsruhe, and of Friburg, and of the California Art Club of Los Angeles. He had exhibited in Munich and in Paris and held a gold medal and a diploma from the International Exposition in Jamaica. Special honors have been accorded this painter from works shown at the Crystal Palace, London, the National Academy and Academy of Design, New York, the Metropolitan Museum, the Chicago World's Fair, Chicago Art Institute, the San Francisco Art Association, Seattle Exposition, and the Society of American Artists.

Benjamin Chambers Brown is holding an exhibition of his late works in oil at No. 294 East Colorado Street, Pasadena. All of Mr. Brown's canvases are new to local picture lovers and depict favorite California landscape subjects. At this exhibition, Sibley Brown, a brother of the artist, will show eleven examples of his hand-made and hand-carved frames. These frames are particularly attractive, both in color and design, and should prove popular with all who care for individuality in picture framing.

Wednesday afternoon Hill Tolerton of San Francisco gave a talk on fine prints before the members of the Friday Morning Club and their invited guests. In connection with the event a collection of etchings by Anders Zorn was officially opened to continue for two weeks. Zorn is one of the world's greatest etchers, and I hope to say more about his work next week.

The special exhibition of work by American painters has been removed from the walls of the Fine Arts Gallery and twenty new canvases have been hung to fill the vacancy. The new work will receive notice later.

There is now a god prospect of the Shakespeare National Memorial Theater becoming an accomplished fact. A site in Gower street, near by the British Museum, has been acquired at a cost of £60,000. It may not be a good site, for it is out of the track of the theater public; but it is a site, and it is in a neighborhood sanctioned to art and learning. To insure that in 1916, the date of the Tercentenary, the theater shall be built a sum of £150,000 is needed.

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# Social & Personal

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, fragrant with roses and lilies of the valley, was the scene of the marriage of Miss Josephine Lacy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lacy, to Mr. James Edwin Higgins, Jr., of San Francisco, which took place Monday night. The service was pronounced by Dean McCormack, before an altar smothered in lilies of the valley and fragile ferns. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, wore a robe of white satin, trimmed with rose point, and her long tulle veil had a French cap effect of the rose point, held by orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a shower of white roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Marjorie Lacy, the cousin of the bride, and Miss Winifred Maxon, were in gowns of pale pink taffeta, with head-dresses of tulle, and the bridesmaids, Miss Amy Busch and Miss Marjorie Lee, were in similar gowns of a paler pink. All the attendants carried staffs topped with orchids tied with pink tulle. The little flower girls, Betty Lacy and Ruth Gordon, were in filmy frocks of white with pink bows. Mr. Ward Higgins served his brother as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. William Gordon Lacy, Carlton Merrill, Allan Cray, Charles Shattuck and Leland Scott, the latter two of San Francisco. After the ceremony relatives and a few close friends enjoyed the informal reception and supper given at the Lacy home on Wilshire boulevard, where the same color scheme of pink and white was carried out with roses and lilies of the valley. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins are enjoying a honeymoon trip, and it is a great regret to her many friends to learn that they will make their home in San Francisco, where Mr. Higgins is in business.

One of the most delightful dancing parties of the season was that given Monday evening at the California Club by Mrs. Joseph Sartori and Miss Juliette Boileau in honor of Miss Daphne Drake, the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake. A color scheme of pink and green was carried out in the rooms with baskets of Killarney roses and masses of fernery arranged in baskets, and the supper tables were fragrant with these blossoms. Assisting in receiving were three pretty debutantes, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Constance Byrne and Miss Louise Hunt.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Booth of Magnolia avenue gave a dinner party Monday evening for Mrs. Frederick Hicks of New York, who is the house guest of her sister, Mrs. Dean Mason. Lilies of the valley and maidenhair ferns were used as a centerpiece and covers were laid for General and Mrs. Robert Wankowski, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini Wood, Lieutenant General and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason and Mrs. John H. Howard.

Miss Daphne Drake and Miss Helen Jones are two of the prettiest debutantes who have graced Los Angeles society, as well as the most popular, and the affairs given for them individually and together since their recent debuts have filled society's calendar. One of the most enjoyable was the dancing party and dinner given Thursday evening by Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and Miss Kate Van Nuys at their beautiful home on West Sixth street. The lower floor was a wonderful bower of American Beauty roses, and the upper floor was fragrant with masses of cyclamen and fern. Eighteen

guests had places at the dinner table, and in the evening a hundred young people came in for dancing.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Booth of 1010 Magnolia avenue, who will leave Tuesday for a trip to South America, have been the guests of honor at several farewell parties this week. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hellman gave a dinner in their honor Wednesday evening, covers being laid for twenty at a table beautifully decorated with silver baskets of pink roses and lilies of the valley, the places being marked with silver cards. Friday evening General and Mrs. Robert Wankowski also gave a delightful dinner in their honor, and Monday evening they are to be the guests at a dinner with which Mr. and Mrs. John Newton Russell, jr., are entertaining at their home on Hobart boulevard.

Miss Georgie Off, whose engagement to Mr. Jack Somers was an interesting announcement of recent date, is the guest of Senator and Mrs. Stephen Dorsey, having come in for several parties from the Off country home at San Juan Capistrano. Wednesday evening Miss Off and Mr. Somers were guests of honor at the little dinner and theater party given by Mr. and Mrs. Walter G. McCarthy, the other guests being Miss Ruth Raymond and Mr. Arden Day. A number of affairs are being planned for Miss Off, who has not yet completed her arrangements for her wedding. Miss Elizabeth Wood is to be one young hostess who will entertain in her honor, a dancing party at the Wood home in St. James Park being on the calendar for January 23.

Judge and Mrs. George Fuller and Mr. and Mrs. Chalmer Coutts-Gray have come in from their country home and have taken a house at 1003 South Bonnie Brae for the remainder of the season.

Another of those charming affairs at which the hostesses of the city's smart set unite in entertaining their friends will take place next Friday night. Captain William Banning's hospitable home at Thirty-first and Hoover is to be the scene of this dancing party, which is the second in this series of affairs. Many of the hosts are to entertain with dinner parties before the dance, Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning planning to have a large party at their home on West Adams street, as are Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. Macneil, Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Rogers, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. A. van Kaathoven, Captain and Mrs. Erskine Thom, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Sartori, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney I. Wailes, Mr. and Mrs. Russell MacDonald Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Coburn Turner.

Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Lyman Ross McFie of Coronado street gave a tea party in honor of Miss Ethel and Miss Margaret Hewitt, who are visiting in Pasadena. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. Gordon Johnstone, Mrs. Charles Meyer, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Bernard Smith, and Miss Kate Van Nuys.

Mrs. Alfred Solano, who has been visiting in the east, has returned to her home at 2421 South Figueroa street.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stern, Mrs. Adelaide Hellman and Miss Camilla Hellman will preside at a big dancing party to be given Saturday evening, January 24, at the Alexandria, in honor of Miss Lucille Hellman and Mr. Alvin Frank, whose engagement was recently announced.

Mrs. Harmon Ryus of Wilshire boulevard gave a box party at the Au-

(Continued on page eleven)

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I might as well say in the beginning that this is going to be a "roast." I ought, by rights, to give the name of the steamer company, but I am not ready for that quite yet. I am going to give the other facts however, and if they don't "come through" with the extra expense their agents put me to, I shall then know what to do next.

The steamer sailed from Naples. We got on at Palermo, which is a night's voyage away. Before leaving Naples we went to the steamer office and told them that in all probability we would get on at Palermo, that we had three pieces of baggage which we were going to have the American Express Company put on the steamer for us at Naples, and that we wished the proper labels, etc., for it, so that there would be no slip about its being placed on the steamer where it belonged. They gave us the labels and assured us that the baggage would be in our stateroom when we got on at Palermo. Then we made our arrangements with the express company. One piece of baggage was to come down from Trieste by boat, another was in storage; so neither we nor the express company knew exactly what he freight and bonding charges would be. The express company suggested that they foot the charges, and that then they be collected by the purser on the steamer, which was, of course, a sensible way to do.

Well, when we got on at Palermo, our baggage, including our trunk, was not on! Why? Because the agents of the steamer at Naples were afraid that they might not be able to collect \$5.00 from two of their first class passengers when they could have held their baggage as security! So they ordered it off five minutes before the boat sailed! But even that was not all. The purser was loud in his offers of reparation, and declared that the steamer company would send the baggage to New York on the very next steamer without its costing us a cent, and even to California if necessary. I knew that was "taffy," knew he was only saying it to try to make me feel better; and so it only made me feel worse. I had a telegram in my pocket from the express company, saying they would send it on the next boat.

Of course, I knew they would never turn it over to the steamer company. But I expected that, at least, the latter would pay the costs of their blunder; and if they have any sense they will do so. When we reached New York the purser said never a word regarding the matter to the steamer agents there. I was the first to inform them; and then he disclaimed all of his generous offers, and tried to wiggle out of the entire matter! The agents have asked me for a full statement of the facts, that they might send it on to their head office—and here it is in printed form.

There were no boat or fire drills on the steamer. Going over we had them almost every morning. One day one of the young women passengers asked the captain whether we could not have a boat drill. He said it was "too rough,"

that we could have one the next day. (It was not rough. He was merely stalling for time.) The next day when it was really rougher it was announced that we were going to have a boat drill at three o'clock. When three o'clock came it took the officers about an hour to assign the men to their respective positions! Then all they did was to take the top off a few of the boats to see if the hard tack, lanterns, etc., were still there! Now in these days of wireless telegraphy there is not likely to be need of food in a small boat; help is sure to be near at hand—the all-important thing is to get the boats launched safely.

It is a well known fact that the greatest danger in lowering boats at sea comes either from the fouling or breaking of the tackle. The first two boatloads lowered from the "Volturno" were thus spilled into the sea and most of their occupants drowned. Also in the case of one of the assisting steamers at the Volturno disaster, the ropes broke when the boats were swung out on their davits. In this wonderful boat drill of ours no davits were swung and no ropes tested!

Well, you are probably tired of reading this sort of thing by now, and I am tired of telling of it. So we will alter the tenor of the story. Just as there is no cloud without a silver lining, so with our return passage, in spite of the aforesaid circumstances it proved to be really the most enjoyable ocean trip I have ever taken. This was mostly due to the fact that there were a lot of young people on board who had not lost the spirit of youth and who were ready each to do his or her share toward making things agreeable. Of course, everything was not just according to Hoyle. Young married women contracted "affinities" just for the voyage! Married men contracted merely platonic friendships, of course—and with it all we forgot the busy old world and were all as foolish and happy as kids.

We had a "Grand Trans-Atlantic Road Show" one night, for which there was for some time great preparation. I made a large colored poster for it, which announced among other things that from a clergyman we would have a symposium on the time-honored scientific discussion: "Is the whale that swallowed Jonah still alive?" that the head steward would read his original poem entitled "How I poisoned the Duke of Cornwall," that the melodrama to be presented would be entitled "Will Heaven Protect the Poor Working Girl?" and that Fujiyama Bornn, the greatest living Japanese jugglerino, would perform feats never before exhibited since discarded by the Mikado as punk. The night of the show was very rough. Everything went off well until the last act of the melodrama. Then, when the hero and several heroines were dying on the floor, the ship gave a great lurch and a table and two chairs pitched on top of them. I attempted a rescue; but one of the heroines whispered from under the table, "For Heaven's sake get off the stage," and I got!

Then we had a wonderful masked ball. It is surprising how many articles can be gathered together on an ocean steamer in the way of costumes for such an occasion. I was toggled up with sandals, white flowing robes, a huge red turban and an enormous basket of fruit, impersonating a Bedouin fruit vendor; and, if you please, three impartial judges awarded me the first prize. Then we had moving pictures about every other night, (for this we thank the steamer company) and informal dances, and cake-walks, and the captain's dinner (again thanks), and even also a midnight supper from the captain, who was certainly a jovial fellow. Now, although the average

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My advice to those who contemplate going abroad is: Ask your traveled friends about the management of the line you are considering; if it is a foreign company find out if it treats its American customers fairly—as for the good time on board, the passengers themselves will take care of that.

ELMER GREY.

At Home, January 15, 1914.

Society and Personal  
(Continued from page ten)

ditorium Wednesday afternoon, the guests enjoying the recital of Wilhelm Bachaus, the pianist. Her guests were Mrs. Jotham Bixby, jr., Mrs. Hampton L. Story, Mrs. Charles Sumner Kent, Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald, Mrs. W. H. Cline, Mrs. W. L. Jones, Mrs. John Maurer, Mrs. Charles H. Lippincott, Mrs. L. M. Turner, Mrs. Matthew S. Robertson, Mrs. P. H. Smith, Mrs. Roland Paul, Miss Daisy Hollingsworth, Miss Frieda Peycke, Miss Julia Hayward, Miss Helen Simpson, Miss Louise Forve, Miss Virginia Platt and Miss Marjorie Hicks.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. McDonald of West Seventh street have made formal announcement of the betrothal of their daughter, Miss Gladys MacDonald, to Mr. Cleves Harrison of Indiana, the marriage to take place the latter part of the month. Wednesday afternoon the girl friends of Miss McDonald were guests at a party given in her honor by Miss Mary Grant of Bonnie Brae street, and last evening Miss Eleanor Sutch of La Salle avenue gave a dinner dance in honor of the young couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason will open their beautiful home for a house warming this afternoon, with Baron von Kleydorff as the guest of honor.

Mrs. James S. Wollacott, who will be remembered as Miss Doris Hudson, will be at home Fridays at 1024 St. Andrews place.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Sherman are enjoying a stay in New Orleans, from which port they will go to Havana and the West Indies.

In response to a question as to the vogue of contemporary English literature in Japan, Yone Noguchi, now visiting in London, referred to the enormous popularity enjoyed by Oscar Wilde's works among Japanese stu-

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dents a few years ago. Of living writers Bernard Shaw, it appears, is read and played in Japan as everywhere else. "Blanco Posnet" was being played on our stage," the Japanese critic remarked, "when it was banned in Manchester. Mr. Chesterton, too, is beginning to get known, though we do not find him altogether easy to understand. Yeats is becoming increasingly appreciated, and at least one of his plays, 'Cathleen ni Houlihan,' has been staged. No (in reply to a question) it is not the spirit of nationalism in his plays, but their dreaminess that commends them to the Japanese mind." Mr. Hardy's novels, despite their essentially English setting, are being increasingly read in Japan, their pessimism reflecting a trait prominent in the Japanese character. Dickens and Thackeray and Tennyson are all read in English classes in the schools.



# Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Perhaps the pen of a Rupert Hughes or the "punch" of a Paul Armstrong might lend a few dramatic graces or Rodinesque crudities to "Playthings," the new drama at the Burbank theater, but even with these dramatists tinkering at the plot, there would be very little to recommend the offering even to a taste that is not particularly critical. In the first place, there isn't a new thought, or even an old thought newly expressed in the entire three acts. We have heard railings against the double standard of morality of late until the taste of them is bitter on our lips; we have had the redemption of the woman who "has given all that a woman holds dear" thrust upon us until we respond with about as much emotion as we yield a moving picture film. The long arm of coincidence has been jerked until it stretches from Alpha to Omega, and our credulity and our better taste are both beginning to rebel. And the shopgirl—the poor, tired, work-worn shopgirl, object of sympathy and worthy motive for uplift though she is—has not the poor girl suffered enough by being "rooned" by gay young devils who sport red ties and red automobiles and refuse to marry except in their own circle; has not the subject of her eight per been threshed out until it is as dry as Fido's buried bones? Clever lines, subtle satire, complexity so deftly clothed that it would seem brutal simplicity might redeem a play with these ingredients, but Mrs. Jaffa, who is responsible for this new play, has none of these qualities in her writings. She gets laughs—yes, quantities of them, with vulgarisms and an overabundance of cheap wit mouthed by shopgirls. Heaven knows that there are thousands and thousands of shopgirls who do not say "My Gawd!" as they shift their rats and pull down their waistslines. Why not an earnest play of the real shopgirl—the girl who works hard and faithfully, who is neat, well groomed, even on her eight per and who falls in love with the nice young bookkeeper or the man in the linens, instead of with the gilded youth who feeds her on cocktails and terrapin? Had Mrs. Jaffa made a departure in this direction she would have gained a stronger sympathy. But how is this for a line as an example of the humor that prevails. Claire Morgan remarks to Gordon Trenwith, the villain, "Do yuh know how strong you are with muh? Well, just imagine the reception a cow would get in the Hotel Astor!" Subtle, illuminating, isn't it?

Claire Morgan, the My Gawd type of shopgirl, and Mazie North, the kitchenish, dimpled type, live in the same house. Maizie has been a victim of Gordon Trenwith, man about town, and discovers his true character just in time to cast him off in favor of John Hayward, a poor but worthy youth with a gold mine. Several years later, when John and Maizie are happily married and the mine has proved a bonanza, Gordon comes into the Hayward home in pursuit of a new face and new graces—those of little Wendy Hayward, John's wilful, pretty sister. Maizie warns Gordon to stay away, and in this fashion John discovers their relations in the past. He casts Maizie off, and when soon after she finds that Gordon has been persuading Wendy to elope with him, Maizie steals John's revolver, slips out into the night, and fills poor Gordon full of lead. In the last act she comes from her trial, where she has been

acquitted through the unwritten law. When it develops that John has been the downfall of one of Maizie's shopgirl friends in the distant past, naturally, he ceases to call the kettle black. It all ends in a lovefeast, with Maizie's bloodstained hands resting in John's strong grasp. Surely further discussion of such a plot is unnecessary.

with is so excellent that we keenly regret the bullet that punctures his career. Forrest Stanley doesn't even trouble to outline John Hayward, and Florence Oberle is so weightily haughty as Mrs. Hayward that one longs to see her wearing a medal containing the Hayward pedigree. Marjorie Capron shows promise as an ingenue, although scarcely fitted as yet to be trusted with an important role, and Thomas McLarnie does a delightful bit as Dr. Meredith. The staging is almost as funny as some of the gowns.

## "Common Law" at the Mason

Probably the most amazing thing about "The Common Law," the dramatization of Robert Chambers' novel, which is at the Mason, is that the play really contains possibilities. Robert Chambers is undoubtedly a clever

ence that numbers into the millions, but has the day come when quantity is worth more than quality?

Had "The Common Law" been carefully translated for the stage, with all the sickness of sentimentality, all the obvious eliminated, and the play been mounted and produced with a little attention, it probably would have made an appeal of no uncertain strength. Even in its present form it would not lack attraction were it played with any degree of competence. Everyone knows the story—of how Valerie West comes into Louis Neville's studio and poses for him undraped, of how Neville, who hails from the Four Hundred, falls a victim to her beauty and grace of body and mind, of how she refuses to marry him, lest she hinder his career and spoil his position, yet offers herself to him without the sanction of the law—which sacrifice he refuses. Hundreds of girls have thrilled with and over Valerie, hundreds of girls have had their viewpoints distorted by that situation, which is a sin for which Mr. Chambers must answer. The kindest treatment of the play is not to discuss it at all. Louis Neville is played by George Kelly in a monotone as gray as a foggy day. He is so much at ease that he makes his audience uneasy, and he is about as cheerful as an asthmatic aunt.

And the Valerie West of Aileen Poe is so bad, and so horribly costumed, that it cannot be taken seriously. The delightful work of Renee Noel as Rita Tevis shines with enhanced luster because of the mediocrity of her colleagues. Miss Noel is a lovely woman and an actress of worth as well. E. W. Wilson makes a pleasing study of John Burleson, and the Sam Ogilvy of Edw. C. Davis, while inclined to burlesque, does much to lighten the lachrymose atmosphere. The press notices have announced that the stage pictures were patterned after the drawings of Charles Dana Gibson. Charles should sue them for libel. That studio of Neville's is a thing to make the gods snicker or weep.

## Last of Orpheum Road Show

This week the remainder of the Orpheum Road Show is to be seen, with Bert Levy, Nonette, Cathrine Countess, Gallagher and Carlin, and John Conroy as the newcomers. Gallagher and Carlin, in their travesty, "Before the Mast," have nothing but nonsense, but it is of a brand to please the palate, and to judge from the applause showered upon them, there is nothing to criticize in their performance. There is a playlet entitled "The Birthday Present," played by Cathrine Countess, which is one of those cut-by-a-pattern dramalets—married man, mistress, small son who tells how mother weeps at home because father goes away so much; letter from the old folks at home, pleading with daughter to give up her gay life and return; renunciation, happy child, "thrown-down" lover, "Mother, I'm coming home!" sniffls, sobs, eyes to heaven, and CURTAIN. How do they do it? How long, how long, are audiences to be unprotected from such maudlin concoctions? Nonette, the violiniste who sings, is one of the favorites of the Orpheum circuit, and her gypsy attire is not the least charming part of her act. Bert Levy returns in his entertaining sketch work, pleasant but not exciting, and John F. Conroy, with his skillful diving girls, gives an elaborate exhibition of feats in a monster tank of water. Holding overs are Lyons and Yosco, Marshall Montgomery and "The System," all of them acts of the first magnitude.

## Offerings For Next Week

There are two delightful musical feasts planned for those who love such things, the first when Ignaz Paderewski comes January 22, and the second when Josef Hoffman appears January 27 and the afternoon of Jan. 30. Paderewski has been declared by the distinguished critic, Philip Hale of Boston, "the most commanding individual



SOPHY BARNARD, SONGSTRESS HEADLINER, AT THE ORPHEUM

sary, for the recital alone condemns it. Selma Paley is not equipped for the role of Maizie North. In the first act, as the ingenuous girl, she is well enough, but she lacks entirely the poise necessary to the character in the second act, and her Fiji Islander head-dress makes her look like an adventuress. Grace Travers as Claire Morgan makes the girl really human, but then, Grace Travers would be attractive even in black face. But it is more than mere attraction—she really gets into her part and makes it real, not a matter of lines and business. Beatrice Nichols does the best piece of work she has vouchsafed us for many days, and Morgan Wallace as Gordon Tren-

man. He can write pages of scintillant conversation, and traces of this ability are vaguely discernible now in the stage edition of "The Common Law." He has good thoughts, usually buried beneath an avalanche of words, and he has the power of characterization, which he uses for the edification of shopgirls, high school buds and veranda-rocking matrons. But he drowns himself in sentiment, he sacrifices all thought, all things, to twaddle and twitter. He voices noble nothings so that they sound like the wisdom of the oracles until one uses the acid test of analysis. What a pity for a man of his real gifts to prostitute them in this way. To be sure, he reaches an audi-



among virtuosi since the death of Paganini." In the twenty years that Paderewski has been before the public he has held an unparalleled place with their loyalty never faltering. Paderewski's career differs from that of most virtuosi, since it was not until he was twenty-eight that he made his debut as a serious musician, although he had been endeavoring to earn a living through his work. Paderewski's father was a Polish farmer, banished to Siberia when the boy was three, and he was left practically an orphan, since his mother was dead. He was half grown before he received any musical instruction, and all of his training was obtained with the greatest difficulty. It was not until the spring of 1890 that he really came into his own, but since then he has never faltered. This is his ninth tour of America, and he will give one hundred concerts, a record surpassed by no one artist.

Adolf Tandler, director of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, has arranged a remarkable program for the two concerts to be given at the Auditorium Jan. 23 and 24. Aside from the engagement of a soloist of rare merit—Franz Egenieff, the German bass-baritone, the orchestral numbers will include many novel features. Striking contrasts of manner and period will be found in the grouping together of Mendelssohn's familiar and melodious Fingal's Cave, the Mozart C minor symphony and two compositions from the pens of the modern composer, Debussy and Richard Strauss. One of these latter numbers is the prelude to the second act of Debussy's *Martyrdom of Saint Sebastian*, which creation he recently completed for the use of Ida Rubenstein, the Russian dancer who is now enthralled Paris. Richard Strauss' symphonic poem, *Death and Transfiguration* will also be given, necessitating many extra players and instruments not usually given difficult parts. Richard Strauss is master of every instrument in an orchestra and he arrives at much of his marvelous tonal color by the instrumental combinations for which he is famous.

Sunday evening at the Majestic theater marks the return of that fairyland fantasy, "The Tik-Tok Man of Oz," and judging from the large numbers of mail orders the week will be a banner one. Oliver Morosco, under whose management the production is made, has supplied a background of colorful stage pictures for the book and lyrics of L. Frank Baum. The music is by Louis F. Gottschalk, and the solos for the principals, ensembles for the chorus and the orchestral numbers have been highly praised. There are also a number of interpolated songs, and a big California beauty chorus. Prominent in the cast are such well remembered favorites as Morton and Moore, Charlotte Greenwood and Sydney Grant, Dolly Castles, Lenora Novasio, Fred Woodward, John Dunsmore, Gypsy Dale, Mary Mooney and Arthur J. Blakeley. Tik-Tok, Shaggy, Queen Anne, Private Files, Betsy, Hank, King Ruggedo, Polychrome, Osme and the rest of the Baum creations will be welcome back in new guise, the play having largely been rewritten since its premiere in this city.

Mrs. Ronie H. Jaffa's new play, "Playthings," which was given its first production at the Burbank theater Sunday afternoon, has been largely attended this week, as is shown by the rapidly increasing demand for seats, and this has caused a second week of the play to be announced, beginning Sunday afternoon. In "Playthings" Mrs. Jaffa touches upon the same subject that Cosmo Hamilton did in "The Blindness of Virtue," and uses for her lesson the tragedy in the life of little Maizie North, a shopgirl who is betrayed by a wealthy young man who takes a fancy to her pretty face and innocence—all of which he thinks are a pose put on to attract men. The drama is being given an elaborate production by the Burbank management, with Sel-

ma Paley in the leading role, and Grace Travers, Beatrice Nichols, Morgan Wallace, Forrest Stanley and Thomas McLarnie scoring individual hits.

Sunday afternoon William Rock, Maude Fulton, and their big organization will begin their goodbye-week at the Morosco theater, and one week from Sunday night will conclude their engagement at the Morosco of six weeks to record-breaking business. Rock and Fulton's presentation of "The Candy Shop" has proved one of the most remarkable and successful events in Los Angeles theatrical history, and that they have thoroughly tested the assertion that the public is willing to support good entertainment at a moderate price is beyond question. The current week—the fifth—of the run of "The Candy Shop" has found no vacant seats in the Morosco, and there is every indication that the farewell week will be the biggest of the engagement. The heavy demand for seats is doubtless due to the fact that it was originally announced that the engagement of Rock and Fulton would be indefinite, and only recently was it decided that they must close because of other booking arrangements.

Following the Road Show at the Orpheum is a task that few artists care to undertake, but for the week beginning Monday matinee, Jan. 19, a big program is scheduled, headed by Billy B. Van, the comedian who has the greatest laugh record in America. Van, with the Beaumont sisters and a big company will offer their back stage farce, with Van as "Props" at a vaudeville rehearsal, and the inimitable Beaumont girls in their sister act. Sophy Bernard, well known in musical comedy, will bring a number of Parisian gowns to assist in her rendition of a well chosen program. Lou Anger, the German soldier monologist, will again recite the horrors of war. Corelli and Gillette are comedy acrobats who combine skill and strength, with amusing sidelines. Holding over are Cathrine Countiss in "The Birthday Present," Nonette, John F. Conroy and his diving models, and Gallagher & Carlin in their naval travesty. The orchestra will give the first American rendition of the "Caucasian Sketches" in four parts, and there will be new motion pictures.

Again we are to witness the wonderful dancing of Pavlova, who three years ago took the town by storm with the beauty of her art. She will come here Wednesday evening, Jan. 28, for four nights, with matinees Thursday and Saturday, surrounded by a company of eight, including a complete symphony orchestra, under the direction of Theodore Stier. Her program for her brief engagement here is as follows:

Wednesday night, January 28, "Soiree de Dance" (music by Chopin), "L'Orientale" (music by Seroff, Mousourgsky, Rimski-Korsakoff), Divertissements; Thursday matinee, January 29, "The Magic Flute" (music by Drigo), "Invitation to the Dance" (music by Weber), Divertissements; Thursday night, January 29, "Griselle" in two acts (music by Adam), Divertissements; Friday night, January 30, "L'Orientale" (music by Seroff, Mousourgsky, Rimski-Korsakoff), "Invitation to the Dance" (music by Weber), Divertissements; Saturday matinee, January 31, "The Magic Flute" (music by Drigo), "Paquita" (music by Deldevez), Divertissements; Saturday night, January 31, "Halte de Cavalerie" (music by Armseimer), Preludes (music by Liszt), Divertissements.

Mary Austin has been made a member of the board of managers of the Panama Exposition.

Richard Le Gallienne's new book of poems, "The Lonely Dancer," has been officially commended by the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs as "one of the fine examples of modern verse."

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NOTICE is hereby given that James R. Blanchard, whose post-office address is 435 E. 29th St., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 22nd day of September, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019004, to purchase Lot 1, Section 18, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$50.72, the stone estimated at \$25.36, and the land \$25.36; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 2nd day of February, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

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# Books

Owen Davis and Theodore Kremer have nothing on Pearl Doles Bell, who is guilty of a novel entitled "Gloria Gray, Love Pirate," which is so bad that it is almost entertaining. Melodrama fairly shrieks forth from the pages. It is one of the "More Sinned Against than Sinning" kind of story, and its title is most suggestive. Gloria is a beautiful young damsel of middle class family, adored by a substantial young man in the same sphere of life. But Gloria goes "down-town" to make her living as a stenographer. Her first employer at once makes love to her and Gloria adores him until she finds out he has a wife, when she immediately casts him into the outer darkness. Then comes another employer—a noble man who hires her more as a playmate than an assistant, because he and his wife are not congenial. Gloria admires him and loves him in a sort of filial fashion, and finally, after a most tempestuous scene, yields to him and for several years is his mistress. Love, the one thing that can make such a breach of the conventions forgivable, is entirely lacking in its true meaning. Gloria lives a continual life of lies, deceiving her mother and her people, for the sake of a man whom she admires, and of whom she is fond, but for whom she does not really feel the finest affection. Then he dies, leaving Gloria a snug little fortune of fifty thousand or so, which she immediately donates to charity, and then marries the worthy young man who by this time has become a power in his world. Stories like this do a vast amount of harm. They lend a glamour to lapses from virtue, they have a certain amount of effect on the minds of girls who are attracted to the commonplace inherently. There is no reason for such a book's existence, for it is not even cleverly or sincerely written. ("Gloria Gray, Love Pirate." By Pearl Doles Bell.)

## "Graphics"

It is too bad that so excellent a collection of word-sketches as those of Harris Merton Lyon's "Graphics" should be so poorly presented externally. They are well named—these etchings of life, bits of human adventures sardonically, satirically told. Lyon betrays an abrupt style in many of his stories, and most of them he tells with a sneer, which, however, is never an unjust one. It is the dark places that he picks out, as a rule, the little shadowy corners where lie the real tragedies of life, the losses of hope and ambition, the instability of human love. He is not obvious—he leaves his readers to extract the bitterness of his tales, as in his somber "Sweetness—and the Dark" and "Lillie" and the poignant tragedy of "The Poet." These are not stories in the conventional sense—probably many readers will make that first amateurish criticism "they lack plot." They are psychological studies, and pitifully true to nature. But there are other tales told with an exquisite delicacy and mysticism, like "The Wind in the Lilacs," "Ask And It Shall Be Given," "A Book in the Running Brook" and "The 2000th Christmas." Almost, one would think that the two types of stories could not emanate from one pen, for each is well high perfect in its development. ("Graphics." By Harris Merton Lyon. William Marion Reedy, publisher.)

## Notes From Bookland

Holbrook Jackson's long-promised book "The Eighteen Nineties" has been published in this country by Mitchell

Kennerley. It is a review of art and ideas at the close of the nineteenth century, as they appear across a decade of intervening time. The book does not attempt to speak the ultimate word on the period with which it deals. It does re-evolve what was most significant in it. Time with its winnowing has helped reveal the form and pressure of those fin de siècle years as they stamped themselves in the minds of artists—Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, The Yellow Book, Max Beerbohn, Walter Pater. Through this book one may look back into one's own remembered inner life, and in turn light falls from that upon the book. Mr. Jackson does not simplify or synthesize to any great extent, but one closes his book feeling that perhaps the main things in the recent intellectual history of the world have been first that decadence, misunderstood by Nordau, checked and overwhelmed by the vivid power of Kipling's old ideas, and then Kiplingism shattered in turn by the new, analytic, prejudice-destroying, future-facing gospel of Bernard Shaw. More than ever they seem the voices of great movements, great changes in the quality of the human spirit.

Mrs. Havelock Ellis is to come to this country in March to lecture. Her article in the November Forum on "The Puritan and the Prodigal" has secured fine resonance. She will lecture for one thing, on one of her "Three Seers" James Hinton—whose mind, to judge (inadequately) by his pletistic "Mystery of Pain," is less interesting than her own. One would rather read, or hear, Mrs. Ellis on Hinton than read Hinton. While his expression of his thought and feeling seems trite and unmoving, her reaction to them comes out with the quality of a new gospel. This for instance: " . . . Love and passion are not pastimes or manias, but divine driving forces, for ends out of sight as yet, but clearly legible. . . . When the puritan and the prodigal meet in understanding, knowing that the waste in restraint and in excess must be garnered up for enjoying the fruits of joy and loveliness, we shall be nearer common sense and uncommon sensibility. . . . Hinton thought the whole new conception of love, a sexual revolution and renaissance in one, was in the hands of women. He was right. All the nonsense reasons against real love and desire must be faced by women. What women, through nature and love, learn they silently teach to men and one another.

Houghton Mifflin Company will open its publishing season this year with Mary Roberts Rinehart's latest mystery story, "The After House," which will appear Jan. 24. Mrs. Rinehart says the book is "a story of love, mystery and a private yacht."

"Boycotts and the Labor Struggle," by Harry W. Laidler, with an introduction by Professor Henry R. Seager, professor of political economy, Columbia University, is said to deal exhaustively with both the legal and economic phases of the subject. The book gives a good deal of interesting material on

Princeton University Press announces the formation of a committee on publications. The committee is composed of Dean William F. Magie, dean of the faculty and Henry professor of physics; Professor Edward Capps, professor of classics; Professor Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Marquand professor of art and archaeology; Professor Frank Albert Fetter, professor of po-

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NOTICE is hereby given that Carl S. Wilkins, whose post-office address is 636½ So. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 13th day of February, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017743, to purchase the NW¼, NW¼, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 5th day of February, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m. Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



litical economy, and Professor Var-num Lansing Collins, professor of the French language and literature. This committee will consider all manuscripts and proposals for publication, and the right to authorize publications with the imprint of the press rests solely with this committee. The publications of the press are thus in all cases directly selected and indorsed by a representative committee of the university faculty.

Shakespeare novelized is one of the literary features promised for the coming season by a London publisher (Greening & Co.) Just why Shakespeare should be put through an operation of this kind at this late day has not been explained, comments the New York Times. Doubtless it has occurred to the "Popular Novelist" who, we are told, is devoting his talents to his task, that Shakespeare, "in his habit as he lived," does not quite come up to the literary requirements of the twentieth century. Even as near to his own period as the latter seventeenth and the eighteenth century it was found that this favorite playwright for the Elizabethan theater was lacking in the refinements and elegancies necessary to win the applause of an audience that had learned what a play should be from the Drydens, Southerns and Ottways of their day. Hence, to supply this lack such approved masters of the dramatic art as Poet Laureate Nahum Tate and Colley Cibber undertook a revision of plays of Shakespeare—and it is well to remember that in instances their versions of the latter held the boards until a period not so very far distant. But it is not recorded that even Tate or Cibber considered that Shakespeare was so lacking in good form that he needed to be novelized. For this discovery we are indebted to the present "Popular Novelist," who has chosen, by the way, for his first venture in the contemplated series of novels from Shakespeare "The Merchant of Venice."

the labor struggle, dealing with the activities of the National Association of Manufacturers, with the spy system, the strike-breaking system, the use of detectives in labor disputes and the other weapons that are constantly being used by labor and the employing class against each other. It is published by the John Lane Company.

Verner Z. Reed, author of "The Soul of Paris and Other Essays," the Cripple Creek gold miner, banker, fruit grower and promoter, has traveled extensively among the American Indians and was adopted as a medicine man or priest into the Southern Ute tribe. He has studied carefully and published some of their legends, beliefs and laws. Quite apart from this, however, he wrote a pure romance with an Indian background, and was recently much chagrined to find that it is being taken as true Indian lore.

Geoffrey Whitworth in "The Art of Nijinsky," to be published in February by McBride, Nast & Co., describes the long and severe training undergone by this genius of the Russian ballet. At the age of nine Nijinsky was enlisted as a scholar in the college of the imperial ballet at St. Petersburg. A little senior to him were famous dancers like Karsavina, Pavlova and Mordkin, but even in his eighteenth year Nijinsky had successfully asserted his claim to a place beside them in the front rank of Russian dancers.

The Century Company has just published a new edition of "As The Hague Ordains," the journal of a Russian woman of rank kept while her husband was a prisoner of war in Tokio during the Russo-Japanese war. The author is Eliza R. Scidmore, author of "Winter India," "China: The Long-lived Empire."

Gilbert K. Chesterton's novel, "The Flying Inn," is to be published in the United States early in the present month.

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## ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle — better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Nov. 14, 1913.

019242. Non-coal.  
NOTICE is hereby given that Josephine Brown Austin, whose post-office address is 431 So. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, California, did, on the 30th day of June, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019242, to purchase the NE¼SW¼, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the timber estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 5th day of February, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Nov. 23, 1913.

014589. Non-coal.  
NOTICE is hereby given that Bessie O. Thew, of Cornell, California, who, on Jan. 12, 1913, made Homestead Entry, No. 014589, for SW¼, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 16th day of January, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Wallace L. Thompson, James F. Vaugen, F. H. Thew, A. Humphrey, all of Cornell, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Dec. 4, 1913.

02272. Non-coal.  
NOTICE is hereby given that Emery Lessijah, of Santa Monica, California, who, on November 17, 1908, made Homestead Entry, No. 15061, Serial No. 02272, for NW¼, Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 22nd day of January, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: John H. Mundell, of Box 306, Santa Monica, Cal.; Jacob Richter, of Sawtelle, California; Frank Slert, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Nora Mundell, of Box 306, Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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JONATHAN S. DODGE, Director.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
November 24, 1913.

015809. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that John W. A. Off, whose postoffice address is 214 Grosse Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 19th day of June, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application No. 015809, to purchase the SE¼SE¼, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 13 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$100.00; the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 7th day of February, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., at 9:15 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Nov. 14, 1913.

018955. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Roscoe H. Dow, whose post-office address is 1317 19th St., Santa Monica, California, did, on the 31st day of May, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018955, to purchase the N¼NE¼, Section 27, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00, and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 4th day of February, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Nov. 13, 1913.

018728. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that John H. Skeggs, whose post-office address is 122 S. Mariposa Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 10th day of May, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018728, to purchase the S¼SW¼, Section 36, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00, and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 31st day of January, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Jan. 3, 1914.

018476. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Charles H. Mephram, whose post-office address is 306 E. Washington St., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 15th day of April, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018476, to purchase the SE¼SE¼, Sec. 7, N¼NE¼, NE¼NW¼, Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 13 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$200.00, and the land \$200.00; that said application will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 17th day of March, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



# Stocks & Bonds

Following the failure of negotiations with the General Petroleum interests this week, Union Oil stock declined sharply below \$60, but has reacted a little at time of writing. The purpose of the negotiations was to provide for the including of the minority stockholders in a new deal on the same basis as the controlling interests, but no satisfactory agreement could be reached regarding terms. Although for the present there will probably be no resumption of negotiations, it is anticipated that another deal will be framed later, as General Petroleum still retains its option on the stock of the United Petroleum and Union Provident holding companies. In all \$833,000 has been invested in the option.

Early in the week Union Oil revealed quite a decided degree of strength, touching \$65.25, the highest point in a long time. Union Provident on the other hand was rather weak. Associated Oil gave a very good account of itself for several days, although the reasons for the advances except the renewed general strength in the market are not readily apparent. Rumors of the Royal-Dutch-Shell deal now appear to have had less foundation than a week ago.

Of the low-priced oil issues Maricopa Northern has been the most interesting, having advanced materially on favorable field developments. Midway Northern is firm. National Pacific is rather sluggish. United Oil shows rather an improved tone.

Los Angeles Investment has fallen off considerably, and at latest is selling only a little above par. The remainder of the industrials are quiet. Bank stocks and mining issues attract little interests. A number of the institutions held their annual meetings this week, but no changes of importance occurred. Six national banks have decided to join the federal reserve system, created by the new currency law, and the others will follow suit.

Bonds show improvements, largely as a result of better investment conditions. Money is gradually becoming easier.

## Banks and Banking

Suspensions of banks and other fiduciary concerns during 1913 were considerably more numerous than in the preceding year, a total of 120 contrasting with only 79 in the earlier period, while the liabilities of \$31,546,314 also exceeded the \$24,219,522 involved in 1912. In New England the record disclosed a small increase in number, and, because of some unusually large defaults, there was a heavy expansion in the aggregate indebtedness. This was also true in respect to the middle Atlantic states, although there were less than one-half as many failures in that section as in the previous year. Only a slight change, numerically, was reported by the South Atlantic group, but the amount increased materially, while in the south central division there were over 40 suspensions, or more than double those of 1912, and the liabilities were larger by about \$2,000,000. The exhibit for the central division there were more than forty suspensions, or as many again as those of 1912, and the liabilities were larger by about \$2,000,000. The exhibit for the central East showed a moderate growth in number, whereas in the preceding year

the sum of money involved was swelled above normal by a suspension for 1913 displayed a pronounced contraction in that regard. In the central West the financial mortality was somewhat larger, both in number and liabilities, while there were twice as many failures in the western states, and the indebtedness rose \$1,000,000. One more default occurred on the Pacific coast but the amount was insignificant in comparison with the total in 1912.

## Bank and Stock Briefs

Long Beach is preparing to vote on a bond issue of \$650,000, the funds to be devoted to the erection of a pleasure pier at Devil's Gate and for the improvement of the local harbor.

Next month Avalon is to vote on an issue of \$75,000 for a water plant and \$12,000 for a gas plant.

El Monte has passed a bond issue of \$46,250 for the establishment of a municipal water system.

Orange is to call an election in the near future to decide on the erection of a new city hall.

## S. BECK

Bonds & Stocks Bought for Spot Cash Also Money Advanced on Stocks and Bonds and Discount Bills  
References: First Natl. Bank, Globe Savings Bank, Merchants Natl. Bank  
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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Nov. 13, 1913.

016434. Non-coal.  
NOTICE is hereby given that William Threlkeld Bishop, whose post-office address is 7th and Alameda Streets, Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 24th day of September, 1912, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 016434, to purchase the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 15, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$400.00, the stone estimated at \$240.00, and the land \$160.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 31st day of January, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
014639. Non-coal.

Dec. 11, 1913.  
NOTICE is hereby given that James F. Vaughan of Cornell, California, who, on January 25, 1912, made Homestead Entry No. 014639, for S $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Sec. 9, S $\frac{1}{2}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 10, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 23rd day of January, 1914, at 9:30 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank H. Thew, Charles A. Toase, Edward W. Lewis, Bessie O. Thew, all of Los Angeles, California.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

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DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Nov. 14, 1913.

019273. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Ellis Bashore, whose post-office address is 1447 12th St., Santa Monica, California, did, on the 2nd day of July, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019273, to purchase the NE $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00, and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 6th day of February, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Nov. 14, 1913.

019119. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Lester D. Underhill, whose post-office address is 4318 So. Grand Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 17th day of June, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019119, to purchase the SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$100.00, the stone estimated at \$50.00, and the land \$50.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 3rd day of February, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Nov. 14, 1913.

018864. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Julia C. Manley, whose post-office address is 37 Santa Inez Ave., San Mateo, California, did, on the 22nd day of May, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 018864, to purchase the W $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 25, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$200.00, the stone estimated at \$100.00, and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of her application and sworn statement on the 4th day of February, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Nov. 13, 1913.

017816. Non-coal.

NOTICE is hereby given that Leslie B. Taylor, whose post-office address is R. F. D. No. 2, Box 82, Burbank, California, did, on the 20th day of February, 1913, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 017816, to purchase Lot 1 and the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 23, Township 2 N., Range 14 W., S. B. Meridian, and the stone thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised, at \$331.36, the stone estimated at \$207.10, and the land \$124.26; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 2nd day of February, 1914, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, California, at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.



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Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

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H. S. McKEE, Cashier.  
Capital, \$500,000.00. Surplus and  
Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

**C**ITIZENS NATIONAL BANK  
S. W. Cor. Third and Main

A. J. WATERS, President.  
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.  
Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and  
Profits, \$700,000.

**C**OMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK  
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W. A. BONYNGE, President.  
R. S. HEATON, Cashier.  
Capital, \$300,000. Surplus and  
Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

**F**IRST NATIONAL BANK  
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# New Spring Millinery



—"You just can't help loving them, can you?" "I never saw Hats so charming, so generally becoming—Why, I have tried on six—Every one different—Yet they all look so well and are so reasonable I hardly know which to choose!"—

—Women are enthusiastic over the new Hats for Spring

—Again, the early models are emphasizing the leadership of Bullock's in Millinery

—The beauty of the styles—their variety, their difference, their value—Every feature serves to add to the distinctive nature of the display

—An exhibit, Parisian in the nobility of its styles, to which Paris could look with profit for ideas

—For clever, chic new effects these Spring Hats surpass those of any previous season

—Small, snug-fitting shapes predominate, yet while they fit the head closely, they are made beautiful by the newness of their lines—by touches of elegant, tailorish trimmings

—The new styles are